



きよ ちき

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6

MF文庫
J



「ジロークン。今、私の入浴姿を
イメージしてたでしょ？」

!?

「エッチヘンタイ、発情期。
これだから
男の子は困るわ」

まき



「あつ、ちよつ！
何するんですか！」

ガツとマサムネの
スカートに
手をかけようとする
シュレ先輩と、
必死に防ごうとするマサムネ。

まき

「ジッロー!?
入ってきちゃダメだっ!」

瞬間、ひどく慌てた
アルトボイスが聞こえたが

——遅かった。

ドアを開けて

更衣室の中に入ると、

そこにいたのは近衛スバル。



Chapter 1: Schrödinger Punches Her Way Into The Battle!

Rouran Academy's handicrafts club is special. When I first heard of it, I was expecting girls passionately knitting scarfs or creating plush toys, anything kind of adorable befitting the image you'd have. However, our school's handicrafts club is a bit different. This is what I heard from my little sister, but they went on some mountain hunting trip during Golden Week, attempted a survival trip on a deserted island during summer break (not to mention involving human trafficking), some mysterious club-intern ranking...it's all a mystery, and too far from my initial image.

With all that in mind, I decided to look into this handicrafts club. My investigation would start on the 1st of August—the first day of the second school term. Starting that day, I would go around asking people in my class what they knew. I mean, I might have been better off asking Kureha from the very beginning, but I of course did so. However, the response I got back from Kureha was nonchalant...

‘It’s a very fun club!’

This is the worst. Knowing Kureha, the word ‘fun’ couldn’t be further away from the common understanding of what is fun. After all, she enjoys using me as a punching bag every single day. If she says ‘it’s fun’, then I’m terrified. Of course, I went to ask the other handicrafts club member I knew, namely Masamune.

‘Stupid chicken, there are things you are better off not knowing.’

That’s even more scary! Why does this sound like some horror plot? Even after that, Masamune would not tell me anything regarding the club or its activities. Apparently she’s suffering from a lot of trauma in that regard. Since I didn’t get any valid information from my little sister and friend regarding this club, I instead chose to ask around my friends and other sources. For now, this is what I found out.

The major club activities of Rouran Academy's handicraft club... seems to be textile arts. I mean, I know, it sounds unbelievable. All the members are girls. In their clubroom, they would create plush toys, drink tea and eat snacks, and do other sorts of girly stuff. Not to mention these seem to be the **major** club activities. But from what I heard, they also have some other business going on in the shadows. Apparently, they resolve problems that are out of the student council's reach, acting as a troubleshooter, or accept requests as long as there's a reward, going around crushing other karate or judo dojos...So are they like some mafia?

That's just way too eccentric. And honestly speaking, it's crazy. So, when I asked a clear question...

'In the end, what even is our handicrafts club?'

The answer I got back was always the same.

'No clue.'

It's just laughable. In the end, no matter who I asked, I got no proper response back. It's almost like an urban legend at this point. Everything I told you just now might be rumours made up by the students themselves for all I know. However, there's one thing I understood. It's the only information that is solid evidence regarding the handicrafts club. This was added information from all the people I asked.

'No clue. However—make sure not to get the club vice president angry.'

It seems like the vice president is a dangerous individual. From what I remember about Kureha's stories, she's a third-year. And, when I heard about the entire club-intern ranking during the summer festival—this very club vice president turned out to be the top rank of the club. She's the strongest at this academy, the top ranker at the leading force of this messed up handicrafts club. But...what was her name again. I think it was—

♀ × ♂

“Good morning, Jirou!”

On the 9th of September, we were about one week away from the first big event of the second school term—the sports festival. After being woken up by my little sister aggressively as usual, I reached the school gate, and was greeted by this clear alto voice. Standing there was a girl wearing a uniform different from the general student body. She possessed bright and glittering hair, with a slender figure. She is also the cross-dressing butler of this school’s board chairman’s daughter Suzutsuki Kanade—Konoe Subaru. She seemed quite restless, as she greeted me.

“.....”

...What’s going on? What is this awkward attitude towards me? Normally she’d be cold and indifferent, but this is a different level. To put it precisely, Konoe has been starting to act weird since the middle of summer break. It was right around the time of the summer festival. During summer break, she mentioned some summer cold, but it’s hard to believe that she still hasn’t recovered from this.

“...See, this is what I was talking about.”

As I was thinking that, Konoe took out a pink wrapping from her back, and forcefully pushed it onto me—It was a lunch box. No doubt about it, there was a lunch box inside there. If this was happening inside a company, I’d be told something along the lines of ‘Ah, chief, another lunch box by your devoted wife?’. No, she’s not my devoted wife.

“Yup, thanks~” I gave my thanks, and accepted the object.

On the inside however, I was terrified. It’s a well-known fact (at least for me) that Konoe isn’t very good at cooking, to be polite. On that final day of summer break where we cooked together in the kitchen, it almost turned into a fire pit. This is like I made it through the main area but a mimic was waiting for me.

“I sure didn’t expect you to send me that mail, Konoe. What made you want to make a lunch box for me?”

“Urk...I-I mean, you don’t have much money, right?”

“Well, you’re not wrong.”

Last summer break, I pretty much used up all of my allowance and fortune to buy a birthday present for my little sister. Frankly speaking, I was desperately trying to save money. But, it was a necessary investment. With a bit of money, another year of living was guaranteed for me. As a result of this, I’m a poor man now. I did get my salary from that one day I worked at that cafe with Masamune, but that was used for a live concert DVD of one of my favorite bands, and that money was gone immediately.

That’s why I thought of living off rice balls or without any lunch to begin with, but that’s when Konoe’s mail came in.

“Hmpf, just to let you know, but it’s not anything crazy. I just decided to make my own lunch starting from the second school term.”

“Even Suzutsuki’s share?”

“This will be taken care of by a professional chef cook. That’s why, only my own share.”

“Well, I guess making it for one or two people might not change much, I guess. But, why’d you suddenly decide to make your own lunch?”

“T-That’s...I figured I couldn’t stay like this, unable to cook, forever! I have my own pride as a butler!”

“But, weren’t you prohibited from entering your residence’s kitchen?”

“It’s fine, I went through the negotiations.”

“Negotiations?”

“Yep. I’m allowed to as long as it’s with the young lady.”

“.....”

Doesn't that make you plenty of a failure as a butler already? Your own master is being forced to tag along with you, like you're some dog on a leash. I can't even tell who's the servant anymore.



“Also, getting that mail from you sure surprised me.”

“Eh?” Konoe looked at me in shock.

“I’m talking about the mail you sent me. That was our first exchange, right?”

We exchanged addresses a while back, but we never had any real reason to write each other mails. Not to mention...

“Are you possibly not used to typing on a phone?”

“W-Why would you think that?”

“I mean...it took a bit of time until you responded.”

Well, it’s actually not just a bit. One mail would take around one hour, despite it only saying ‘Got it’ or ‘What’s your favorite side dish?’, mostly simple stuff. I can only see this as her not being used to it.

“Hmpf...I can’t help it, this was the first time we exchanged mails like that.” Konoe muttered with a voice about to disappear.

Ahhh, so she really wasn’t used to it. Can’t be helped then. Well, I can see her being bad with technology, so no offense taken.

“Either way, thanks a bunch. This’ll save me money and also from starving.”

“It wasn’t just a bother?”

“Of course not, I’m happy.”

“I-I see...glad to hear that.”

“Oh yeah, let’s eat it together later.”

If I had to choose, the rooftop would probably be the best. Not to mention that ever since the second term started, we didn’t really get any chance to eat lunch together. During the first term, Konoe would invite me whenever and wherever. That’s why I invited her fairly nonchalantly, to which...

“!? N-No!”

For some reason, Konoe seemed pretty fierceful in that rejection.

“Did you have other plans?”

“No, I’m not busy or anything...”

“Then why?”

“T-That’s...!”

“That’s?”

“Because you said something that isn’t in the manual!”

“Manual?”

“~~~!”

When I repeated that dubious word, Konoe’s gaze wandered all over the place, as she grew silent....Huh? Is she avoiding me yet again? Ahh, that sucks. Maybe I really did something to make her hate me? Also, what manual is she even talking about?

“...Hm.”

Either way, this situation isn’t exactly comfortable to live through. The other students around us already started whispering to themselves. That’s Subaru-sama for you, she naturally gathers attention everywhere. Even more so here at the school gate. At this rate, the [S4] and [Watch over Committee] might soon be spreading rumours again.

“Good morning, Jirou-kun.”

There, almost like she had waited for this timing, Suzutsuki spoke up with a dignified voice. Today yet again, she wore a special uniform, different from the average one of our academy. While her black twintails shook, she approached the two of us.

“Young lady!”

The second Konoe saw her master approaching, she ran towards her

like a lost child having just been reunited with her mother.

“That’s not good enough, Subaru. You need to do it exactly as I told you to.”

“M-My apologies...”

The two looked at each other, whispering. It was obvious they didn’t want me to hear the contents of their conversation.

“.....”

Of course, I tried to secretly listen in. Can’t blame me for being curious, you know? My instincts were telling me that this rich lady was up to no good. Knowing her, she is probably always watching over my exchanges with Konoe. It wouldn’t be too surprising if she’s related to Konoe’s recently odd behaviour. With these thoughts, I carefully approached the two.

“Calm down. Why are you panicking like this? You properly gave him the lunch box, didn’t you.”

“...Yes...somewhat.”

“Isn’t that great then?”

“...B-But...!”

“But?”

“Well...Jirou suddenly...said we should eat lunch together...!”

“...Hmmm.”

“W-W-W-What should I do? This development wasn’t part of your manual...”

“Isn’t it fine? Why not eat together with him?”

“Eh!?”

“Yup, that way is definitely better. You might think it’s too fast for the two of you to eat together, but we’re changing the manual.”

“No way...!”

“Subaru, you should be going on the offensive here, right?”

“Urk...”

“You can’t be embarrassed. This is all to push the plan forward.”

“Urk...But...”

It seemed like Konoe was hesitating because of Suzutsuki’s words... Heh, I get it now. Konoe’s awkward attitude, Suzutsuki constantly asking about us, the conversation just now, and the lunch box... Combining these four factors, the answer is apparent. Indeed, everything is just...

“...A prank, huh.” I muttered the conclusion I came up with.

This is probably some plot to set me up for a prank, another mischief from this rich lady. Judging from her attitude and the conversation just now, this lunch box is related to her plot 100%. The reason Konoe is so hesitant and acting awkward is probably because she was forced to go along with this plan. Still, why? She went out of her way to make a manual for this? Is that lunch box some kind of timebomb?

“Ji...Jirou.”

Right as I put my ears to the lunch box, trying to pick up any possible ticking, Konoe approached me. Of course, her attitude hadn’t changed from before, and she was acting as awkward as ever.

“L...Let’s...e-e-e-eat lunch together...!”

“.....”

Oh lord help me. The smell of danger is tickling my nose. I really need to get rid of this lunch box as quickly as possible, but that won’t do with Konoe around...

“Sorry, Konoe, I just remembered, but I actually planned to eat lunch together with someone else, so we’ll have to do this another time.”

“!?”

When I declined Konoe’s invitation, she apparently received a huge shock, as she staggered backwards. On top of that, I could see her soul escape her mouth.

“Ah...ahaha, is that so...”

“Y-Yeah, sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologize! Not at all! I don’t mind! I would never mind!”

“R-Really?”

“Yup! It’s fine! We’ll eat lunch together another time!” Konoe let out an awkward laugh that didn’t fit the atmosphere at all.

Ah, my heart...this guilt...I can’t...

“What a shame, Subaru.” Suzutsuki gently tapped Konoe on the shoulder. “But, isn’t this good enough? You can eat together another time.”

“...Yes, you’re right...” Konoe blushed ever so slightly, showing a happy smile.

Why do you look so happy now? I thought this was just a means of pranking me.

“Also, let’s prepare something even more amazing to surprise him next time.”

“Something amazing...?”

Master and butler were talking to each other again. Suzutsuki said ‘For example...’ and approached Konoe’s ears. In doing so, Konoe’s face turned beet red, and she started stuttering.

“I-I can’t do that, young lady! That’s way too embarrassing!”

Embarrassing!?

“Really? I’m sure Jirou-kun would become more honest with himself if you did that.”

Become more honest!? No, I’m just terrified now! What pranks are you plotting!?

“But, that’s way too difficult...”

“It’s fine, everything will work out. Ahh, I can’t wait.”

“.....”

Help me, God. Apparently I’ll be forced into something embarrassing and thus become more honest the next time Konoe and I eat lunch together. Are they going to use some truth serum on me? What horrible torture. Hmm, I think it’d be best if I immediately destroyed their plan.

“Hey, Konoe.” I called out to her in a quiet voice so that Suzutsuki wouldn’t be able to hear us.

Of course, my goal was to make her become my ally.

“Hm? What is it? Why are you whispering like that?”

“The thing is, you two talked about some manual just now, right?” I brought it up with no hesitation.

In response, Konoe’s mouth opened in shock.

“Wha...You heard...”

“Let me be straight with you here. I know about your plan.”

“~~~! Stop lying! There’s no way you figured it out this easily!”

“No, it was pretty easy to see through. See, about this lunch box for example.”

“W-Well, I really made that with this intent...S-So you know about everything? And...about my feelings too?”

“Yep.”

“~~~!”

In the face of my direct answer, Konoe bit her lip.

“I-I see...So then...what do you think?”

“What do I think? About what?”

“Now that you know of my feelings...how do you feel about them...”

“Hmm, it’s a bit of a bother, not gonna lie.”

“!?” Konoe’s face froze up like all her cells stopped working entirely, and staggered backwards.

Why are you so shocked about that? I just don’t like being pranked, is all.

“I see...I get it...”

“H-Hey, Konoe, you okay?”

“Ahaha...I’m fine, really.”

“You sure?”

“Yep. By the way, Jirou, do you know how to get to the sea of trees at Mt. Fuji?”

“Why are you asking me that!?”

“I just want to be alone for a while.”

“Don’t do something so dangerous, you idiot! Why are you so shocked to hear my answer!?”

“T-That’s...”

“It’s not that big of a deal, right?”

“...!? Well, it’s very important for me!”

“Important...”

“It literally involved my future life, so of course it is...!”

“Why are you suddenly jumping into all these heavy topics?!”

Damn it! I didn’t think Konoe was this serious about a simple prank! You don’t need to break out in tears like that!

“You two really love drifting apart like this, don’t you.” There, Suzutsuki muttered these words, presumably having listened to our conversation.

What’s with her? Why does she look like she perfectly understands the situation? Why does she sigh like that?

“Suzutsuki, what is this about?” I called out to her in a quiet voice.

“You best be thankful to me. I’ll clear up Subaru’s misunderstanding later.”

“Misunderstanding? What’s there to misunderstand about you guys planning a prank?”

“So you really thought of it as a prank, huh.”

“It’s not? You talked about a ‘plan’ and ‘manual’ after all, so you are trying to play more mischief, right?”

“...Well, you’re right. I was thinking about some things.”

To my surprise, Suzutsuki gave me an honest response. Weird, normally she’d come up with some nonsense to talk her way out of this. Also, what is going on? Even her attitude suddenly feels so odd compared to before, almost like with Konoe...

“Now, let’s go. We’ll end up late to class otherwise, Subaru.”

Almost like this was some attempt of running away, Suzutsuki called out to Konoe, and walked towards the school building.....Well, whatever. Better than her making up some nonsense again. I’m worried because she’s apparently feeling a bit down, but maybe that’s just her mood right now.

“Young lady...” A listless Konoe swiftly walked after Suzutsuki, and I followed after.

Of course, it's not like this is me stalking two cute girls or anything. Our destination is simply the same classroom. Suzutsuki said that she would end up late at this rate, but there's still some time until the beginning of the first period. As proof of that, many students were still wearing their gym clothes. They were probably practicing for the sports festival. After all, this year's sports festival is pretty crazy.

In other words, the sports festival execution committee president this year seems to be a bit of a crazy person, which is why the events this year will be far more over the top than before. For example, the main event of the morning will be the...three-legged scavenger hunt bread-snatching race. No matter how you look at it, he's just putting stuff together to forcefully create something new.

On a side note, the two who will participate in this chanpuru¹ dish-like event from our class will be none other than Suzutsuki and Konoe. Apparently, Suzutsuki was the one who wanted things to be this way, but I really don't see how you could be excited for an event like that.

With these thoughts in mind, we walked through the noisy courtyard, onwards into the school building, and then towards our classroom. This might be obvious, but even if this is generally an exciting event, not all classes feel equally passionate. When there's classes who go out of their way to practice early in the morning, then there's those who do the exact opposite...and of course, my class belongs to the latter. Or rather, many of those guys are still not over the fact that summer break ended, and are just lounging in the classroom listless as can be.

“Yawwwwn...”

After splitting up with Konoe and Suzutsuki, I sat down on my own seat, and let out a flashy yawn. As you can see, I also am still a bit drowsy from the summer break. Personally, I can't really get into the groove.

“Well, that'll change eventually.”

At the very least, I should be able to flip that switch inside of me once the sports festival rolls around. Then again, there's so many melancholic and depressing events recently. The yen losing value, global warming, Kureha's grip strength finally passing 60kg. Especially the last point is directly influencing my individual HP.

"Yo, Jirou, how are we doing? You sure seem out of steam today."

As I was enjoying the scenery outside the window, someone sat down on the seat next to me.

It was a sporty male student...Huh? Who's that guy again.

"Hey, what's that stupid look for? You forgot about me or something?"

"...Ah, Kurose."

He's Kurose Yamato. Right now he's a drummer in the music club, but we've known each other since middle school. To think I'd forget about him. Must be because of the summer break, I feel like we haven't seen each other in a while.

"Don't space out like that, you got someone calling for you."

"Someone calling for me?"

"Yup, a first-year girl is waiting outside the classroom."

"Kureha?"

"Nope, not your little sister. She's pretty...big...and yeah, she's wearing cat ears."

"....."

This is an emergency situation. There's only one person that would fit this description.

"Jirouuuu, be honest with me. That your girlfriend?"

"As if, you moron. That's definitely not it."

“Tsk, boring.”

“What about you then? Got anything to tell me that happened over summer break?”

“Don’t ask, I’m seriously gonna cry.” Kurose clapped his hands together with some mysterious ‘Amen’ as he looked up at the sky.

You’re not Christian, are you? Why are you praying to God now. Or, are you praying to John Lennon because you’re part of the music club? John must be shocked to hear that up in heaven.

“Now, hurry up. Should be fine as long as she’s not your little sis, right? Better a normal person than her, you say.”

“Well, if the other person is normal, I guess.”

“Huh? What’s that supposed to mean? Never met any person who’s more out of the norm than your little sister, you know.”

“In a way, she’s probably more dangerous than Kureha...”

When meeting Kureha, I always have to mentally prepare myself to be used as a punching bag, but I need different determination if I want to meet the girl in question. I would probably do better with some chill pills.

“Haha! That’s crazy! Now I wanna get a good look at her again!” Kurose tapped me on the back, as he laughed.

He thinks this isn’t any of his problems. You can’t compare this to just simply looking at the pandas in the zoo, alright.

“...Jeez.” I let out a sigh, and headed to the hallway.

You might think I decided pretty quickly, but it’s better than being judged inside the classroom. It’d just destroy my image if I made a girl wait. Naturally, nobody knows that I’m about to meet up with a glasses junkie.

“Ah, Senpai, Nakuru was waiting for quite some time.”

Right after opening the door and stepping outside, I was greeted like that. Just as Kurose informed me, she had cat ears growing from her head, with a well-endowed body, glittering long hair, and facial features that were complemented by her glasses—Narumi Nakuru.

She is the second rank in Rouran Academy's handicraft club, and the president of the [Watch over Subaru-sama with a warm gaze] committee. Basically, she enjoys any kind of BL material that involves me and Konoe. She's probably the second person after Suzutsuki that I'm bad at dealing with.

"Hmpf, you don't need to make such a bothersome face, Senpai. Nakuru has been waiting this entire time."

She must have seen my facial color change to blue, because Nakuru showed a bothered pout.

"This entire time...wasn't that just two minutes tops?"

"Nakuru calls this a neglecting roleplay."

"Easy version?"

"Nakuru's heart was racing."

"You're grossing me out, so stop."

"But, two minutes is just fine. If you had taken three minutes, Nakuru probably wouldn't have been able to bear it."

"You can't even wait three minutes?"

"Leaving that aside, is that sporty person who greeted Nakuru just now your friend, Senpai?"

"Kurose? Yes, we've been on good terms since middle school."

"Good terms!?"

"Why are you so shocked about that!"

"I mean, on good terms since middle school...Kyaaa!"

“Alright, calm down you damn glasses junkie. Whatever you’re thinking is the case right now definitely is not the truth.”

“But, you share an erotic relationship, right?”

“Please, just listen to me.”

“Makes sense why he gave off the same scent as Senpai.”

“Alright, I’m reserving an appointment at an otolaryngologist for you right now!”

Might be some new type of hay fever. I heard it can influence your brain and thinking process, but to think I would see an example of that.

“Still, it’s been a while since we met, huh.”

When was the last time? Since we didn’t run into each other after the second term started, it was probably at that park during summer break. And, we ended up separating at a weird point.

“...Yes, it has been. After what happened at that park...Nakuru was thinking about lots of things, so it was hard to meet you...”

For some reason, Nakuru said these words with faintly reddened cheeks, almost like she felt embarrassed. She was thinking abouts lots of things? Better not be some new material for your BL novel, I swear. Save me, really. Leave these dangerous things and ideas only in your head, will you. You’ll cause the apocalypse if you carelessly leak any of that.

“So, what do you want, coming all the way out here?” I asked her with the underlying tone of ‘Go back already’.

That being said, since she came to an upperclassman’s room, I figured that probably wouldn’t happen so easily for me.

“The thing is...” Nakuru showed an oddly serious expression, and continued her words. “Please run away together with Nakuru.”

...Ahh, here it is. I somehow felt I knew this would happen. When

she says run away, knowing who she is and what she does, there can only be one reason why she would tell me that.

“...Nakuru.” I grew about as serious as she did, and spoke up.
“Please, turn yourself in.”

“.....What?”

“You’re saying that the day had come for you to be unable to restrain yourself and your desires, so you finally committed a crime, right? That’s why you want me to run away together with you.”

“...Senpai, you’re saying some very rude things right now...Wait, why are you suddenly taking out your phone!”

“I need to report this.”

“To the 110!?”

“No, 119. Maybe with a bit of surgery, you can still be saved.”

“Surgery!? Where!?”

“Your brain of course.”

“Why!? There’s absolutely no problem with Nakuru’s brain.”

“Your brain’s the problem?”

“Don’t twist Nakuru’s words!”

“Be honest with me, what did you do? Peeking into the men’s public bath? Stole glasses? Did the police already put you on a wanted list?”

“Urk...so cruel. Even Nakuru wouldn’t commit a crime like that!”

“Eh, seriously?”

“Don’t act so surprised! The worst Nakuru has done is stalking Senpai this past week!”

“That is a proper and offensive crime in the world I come from, okay! Don’t just proudly declare that!”

That is plenty of proof that would get you arrested, you know that right. Also, why are you stalking me for an entire week? Is that why I was feeling gazes all the time?

“Isn’t it fine? It was a sweet prank of a maiden.”

“Don’t play it off as a prank.”

“Urk...Then, at least forgive me as a clumsy girl.”

“Clumsy girl?”

“If you’d like, Nakuru can show her how clumsy she can be.”

“...Very well, show it to me.”

“Roger. Then, Nakuru will now proceed to kill what should otherwise be safe.”

“You plan on throwing yourself off the building, right!? Also, why do you immediately jump to killing!? What do you plan on killing!?”

“Of course, the atmosphere here.”

“The atmosphere here is already dead!”

The one who committed that crime was none other than you as well. You did it ten times over. If not, I’d be screaming at the top of my lungs.

“Senpai, don’t look at Nakuru like a dead fish.”

“You were the one who killed my eyes too.”

“You still keep that joke going! Just listen to Nakuru! She came here to warn you, you know!?”

“...Warn?”

The heck is up with that? Why would she of all people do that? If anything, I should warn you. Specifically about your actions during the day.

“Let Nakuru be straight with you. Senpai, you are being targeted.”

“Huh?”

“That’s why, please run away. If not...that person will come.”

“.....”

I mean, you can say it like that, but I still don’t get it. Someone is targeting me? That sounds like some weird battle manga. I was considering calling 119, but I didn’t expect Nakuru’s head to be messed up to such an extent. She lost sight of reality and fiction. Also, that person she mentioned...

“Are you that Sakamachi Kinjirou, huh?”

There, a somewhat distinct voice reverberated inside the hallway. It sounded like an anime character’s voice that only exists in the 2D world. Turning towards that voice, I was greeted by a small girl. For some reason, she held a small plush toy cat with a fierce gaze in her hand. She had a strong look in her eyes, and below her skirt she wore sporty spats. Can’t forget about her shining silver hair...

“Also...so small.” I muttered my honest impressions.

She was incredibly small. That’s probably how you would put it into words. She might even be smaller than Kureha. Almost like a doll, you know. Seeing that I don’t remember her face, she probably isn’t a second-year. From her looks, probably a first-year? But, why does she know my name?

“Senpai, dodge!”

Maybe because I was thinking unnecessary things, I couldn’t react in time when I heard Nakuru’s words. In a moment, the girl closed the distance between the two of us, and...

“!?”

A gut punch slammed right into my gut, sending my entire body flying.

“Gah...!?”

With a crushing sound, my back slammed against the door, and my body clapped. In my sight, I saw the familiar ceiling of the classroom. I heard the faint muttering of my classmates.

“.....!”

...No, that’s not important.

“Urk...Ah...”

...I can’t get up. Despite being thoroughly trained by Kureha and Mom all these years, I found myself unable to stand. The best I could do was breathe. D-Don’t joke with me, her body is so small, and yet she has so much power...

“...Hehehe.” There, the girl looked down at me “Huh, for being her big bro, you sure are weak.”

“...Wha?”

Big bro? That sounded familiar. The other person who argued about this was...Usami Masamune. Basically, she is...

“Onee-chan!”

I heard a panicking voice. The owner of this voice was none other than Narumi Nakuru, who...Wait, Onee-chan? That means, she is...

“Y-You are...” I tried to desperately form my words.

Immediately after, the girl Nakuru called ‘Onee-chan!’ spoke up.

“Oh yeah, I haven’t introduced myself yet.” She muttered.

“Remember it well, Sakamachi Kinjirou. I am the top-ranking student of Rouran Academy’s handicrafts club, and the club vice president—Narumi Schrödinger^{2!}”

“.....”

That is one hell of a name. And that is also the first impression I

received of Nakuru's small older sister.



♀ × ♂

“Y-Y-Y-Y-You bastard! You thought of me as ‘small’ again, right!?”

“Ugh...”

She's having some weird misunderstanding. I was just thinking how impactful her name is. However, she fully ignored my thoughts, and instead started blushing while complaining. And then, she started running towards me.

“Eat this!”

She winded up a soccer free kick. Naturally, I was the target of that.

“Ooooooaaah!?”

Although that action took me by surprise, I somehow managed to evade this attack while on the ground. Immediately after, a loud sound rang out, with something falling over on the floor. It was a desk. In my stead, a solid wooden desk was shot into the corner of the room like the ball during a free kick...Hey hey hey, what if there were still some workbooks in there? Just how much strength does she have despite having such a small body?

“Damn it...everybody is just making fun of me...I'm still in the middle of my growth spurt, so I'm not small at all!”

The girl clearly hadn't vented out her anger yet, as she was still fuming. It seems like she was suffering from a complex about her height. Then again, I really can't blame her. With her size, it wouldn't be too hard to mistake her for a grade school girl.

“Senpai!”

There, Nakuru came running towards me.

“...Nakuru, explain this. Who is this excessively strong kiddo.”

“Kiddo...Um, that person is Nakuru's older sister.”

Seriously? They don't resemble each other in the slightest. Not to mention that the height difference is the opposite. As I was left bewildered however, the classmates inside the classroom all started to catch attention to our visitor.

“Waaah, look at her! It's Schrödinger-san!”

“Why’s Schrö-senpai here?”

“Also, she’s so tiny!”

“Shhh! You want her to bite you!?”

...Is she actually pretty famous? They’re acting like they ran into a wild boar or something.

“You haven’t heard? Onee-chan is pretty famous with a good portion of students, who call her ‘Schrödinger-san’ or ‘Schrö-senpai’, you know.”

“A good portion of students?”

“Basically, the third-years and those who are in sports-related clubs. Onee-chan is famous for crushing the various clubs after all.”

“Crushing...”

“Track-and-field, judo, kendo, soccer...and so forth. From what Nakuru heard, she battled the greater majority of all clubs before. Of course, in the speciality of the club.”

“.....”

Alright alright alright. For now, I understand that your older sis was the one who sent me flying. With what she did to that desk, and the fact that she’s in the handicrafts club explains a lot, not to mention as the vice club president.

“So, what does the mighty Schrödinger-san want with me?”

“T-That’s...”

Nakuru suddenly started blushing after hearing my question. Is it some embarrassing reason? She didn’t come here to confess, right? Sorry, but I’m not into lolis. I have one small kiddo that’s too strong for her own good.

“Heh, let me tell you.”

Schrö-senpai must have heard our conversation, as she puffed out her chest, and exclaimed with a loud voice to pass the classroom.

“You laid your hands on my little sister!”

“.....”

Now hold the phone. With little sister, is she referring to this glasses junkie? When did I ever do such a thing? I call defamation, slander! I'd prefer it if you didn't say nonsense that would evoke misunderstandings with my classmates.

“Don't play dumb, I already looked into it.” Schrö-senpai said, brimming with confidence. “I heard everything from Nakuru. You bastard...you went on a date with her during the last summer break, right?”

“!”

“Not to mention that you had her feed you with her homemade lunch box.”

“.....”

“Even sharing a...p-p-p-passionate embrace in broad daylight!”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh!”

She's totally got the wrong idea about everything! It's true that I went on a date with Nakuru in a public park before, and she did make a lunch box for me, followed up by a passionate one-sided hug, but all of these things had proper reasons to them.

“Onee-chan! Please listen to Nakuru!” Nakuru stood up, protesting.

Yeah, tell her, glasses junkie! There was a proper reason for that date, right! In reality...

“That date was compensated dating!”

“Why compensated dating now?!” I threw in an immediate retort.

“Eh? Nakuru isn’t wrong, right? Back then, Nakuru asked Senpai to go on a date with her, like a part-time job.”

“You’re not wrong, but still!”

“Nakuru even gave you compensation.”

“It wasn’t that crazy of a compensation now, was it?!”

“N-No way! ...Nakuru gave you something so important that can’t even be compared to money, and yet you act like it was nothing...”

“Don’t phrase it that way! People will definitely get the wrong idea, alright!?”

That something so important were glasses! Glasses you hear me!? Ahh, what a blunder. I should have known that this glasses junkie would just make things worse. Naturally, whispering began between my female classmates, who heard about this.

“Compensated dating...”

“Not to mention that the girl had to pay...”

“Also, what is this something important she mentioned...”

“Human trash, that guy.”

At the same time, the boys weren’t much better.

“Waah, he really did it.”

“Was just a matter of time to be honest.”

“I won’t forgive him! Being lovey-dovey with a big-breasted cat-eared underclassman!”

Compared to the girls, their voices were rather filled with jealousy and killing intent more than actual disgust. This is a nightmare, I’ll lose my right as a human being at this rate.

...”You sure have guts, laying your hands on my little sister.”

And then, there was the person fuming with anger—Narumi Schrödinger. She's the top rank of Rouran Academy's handicrafts club, as well as the vice club president. Even Kureha said that she was pretty amazing, right.

“...Senpai, please run.” Nakuru muttered with an anxious voice. “Onee-chan might not be as well-versed in battle techniques like Kureha-chan or Usami-senpai, but...”

“...But?”

“She's strong. In the club ranking tournament that happened this spring, she fought Kureha-chan head-on and won.”

“.....”

“You should know from that punch just now, right? Onee-chan is different from other people. Power, speed, senses, she's towering above all of these individual abilities as the absolute leader. That's why...Hurry and run—”

Before she could finish her words, Narumi Schrödinger started running.

“This time I won't miss!” She shouted with as much of an anime voice as before.

She took the straight line directly towards me, all to knock me out in a single strike.

“Get away!” I reflexively pushed away Nakuru with one hand.

Nakuru let out a shocked ‘Kya!?’ as she fell backwards. This is better than her getting wrapped up in the upcoming slaughter.

“Urk...”

This is bad. Seriously bad. Just as Nakuru said, she's probably much stronger than the little monster of my family. Not to mention that she never grew rampant like this.

“Daaaaah!”

Dash and attack was the idea behind Schrö-senpai's movement, her fist about to smash right into me at high speed.

"You're annoying." There, I heard a familiar alto voice.

That wasn't the end either. Schrö-senpai let out a baffled 'Wha!?', and flew backwards. She was hit by a beautiful drop kick. It landed a clean hit on Schrö-senpai, sending her flying into the corner of the classroom.

"You okay, Jirou?"

"K-Konoe..."

That's right, this is Konoe Subaru, who sent Schrö-senpai flying like it was nothing.

"W-Why..."

"Hm? That drop kick just now? I learned about this from Kureha-chan. We often train together, right? And, I properly held back."

"That's not what I meant! Why...did you save me?"

"Don't worry about it. That misunderstanding was resolved."

"Misunderstanding?"

"Yep. Not to mention, you are...my precious...!" Konoe spoke that far, only to suddenly grow quiet again.

Damn it, so she couldn't abandon her best friend? I'm so pathetic, being saved by a girl. But...right now, we can only team up. That Narumi Schrödinger is totally out of my league. If we can make this a two versus one, then...

"Not to mention that I wanted to ask you something, Jirou."

"Something you wanted to ask?"

"Yeah. Just now, you talked about going on a date with Nakuru-chan."

“.....”

“Not to mention that she fed you with some homemade lunch, you exchanged a passionate hug, and you even stole something important from Nakuru-chan.”

“...A-Ahaha, calm down, Konoe-san. Why are your eyes suddenly so scary?”

I take back what I said. That butler is probably planning to finish me together with Schrö-senpai. Konoe’s embarrassed expression vanished in an instant, and now she looked like a brown bear aiming at a salmon, glaring at me. Ahhh, I need to prove my innocence quickly!

“Man, that surprised me~” That familiar anime voice spoke up again.

Turning my gaze towards there, Narumi Schrödinger had already stood up. She didn’t seem to have taken that much damage, probably because Konoe held back after all.

“...Well, whatever. First, I need to take care of her.” Konoe said, and tore her gaze away from me, directing it over at Schrö-senpai.

“Hello there, Subaru-sama. That was a great kick just now.”

“You know me?”

“Of course I do. Don’t think there’s any student at this school who doesn’t, to be honest. Also, I heard a lot about you from my little sister.”

“A lot?”

“Every single day, as soon as she gets home, it’s all about you and that Sakamachi Kinjirou over there.”

“Hmmm.”

“But, don’t get the wrong idea. I most definitely wasn’t thinking ‘Enough about that, just play with Onee-chan!’, okay.”

“If you want her to play with you, then you could just be honest, you

know.”

“...!? I-I-I told you you’re wrong, okay! Don’t try to guess what I feel, just because you look like a girl!”

“W-What does my face have to do with anything!? Look at you being so tiny!”

“Don’t want to hear that from Mr. Girly-face!”

“Again, my face doesn’t have anything to do with this!”

Sparks flew between the two. I wonder why, but these two might be fairly similar. They are both thickheaded, and childish all the same.

“Also, I’m a third-year, you know? Where’s your respect for your upperclassman?”

“Let me be honest, you don’t seem older at all.”

“S-Shut up! I’m still growing, so just you wait!”

“I feel like your growth has stopped entirely?”

“Hmpf, what a shame, but there were actually some results this year!”

“Oh, you shrunk?”

“I sure didn’t!”

“Then, how much did you grow?”

“Urk...Two millimeters...”

“Heh.”

“Don’t laugh!! It’s fine since I grew, right!? Better than having a girly face! Also, you actually look like a girl! You even smell like one!”

“...! Stop it already! Don’t come any closer! Stop sniffing me!”

“HMMMM? Don’t tell me, were you aware of it?”

“Y-You...!”

“Ah! Stop, what are you doing!”

Out of rage, Konoe grabbed Schrö-senpai’s cheeks, pulling on them. Schrö-senpai joined in and did the same to Konoe...

“.....”

Yeah, they’re children. No talking around it.

“Damn it! You really made me angry!” Schrö-senpai must have blown a fuse, as she stepped away from Konoe momentarily. “I heard from Kureha. You won against her, didn’t you?”

“Oh yeah, you were the vice president of the handicrafts club, right.”

“On top of that, I’m the top-ranker of the club. Nobody is stronger than me.”

“Yet you’re only the vice president.”

“Shut up! That’s a forbidden comment! I really wanted to be the club president after all! But, she made that club, so I can’t...” Schrö-senpai said, pouting. “Ahh, whatever! I’ll ignore the fact that you’re a boy for now! Two versus one is a good handicap, so come at me.”

“...Hmpf.”

In the face of these words that sounded directly like provocation, Konoe showed a bothered expression, and glanced over at me. What should we do? Any half-baked persuasion won’t work. If so, then there’s only one option, namely going 2v1.

“.....”

No, that’s not right. I’m the one who started this after all.

“It’s fine. Step back, Konoe.”

“Wha...Jirou!?”

“Ohh? Color me surprised. I don’t dislike your guts!” Schrö-senpai

laughed like an anime villain.

...Fight's on, shrimp. I don't know my chances here, but I'm still the oldest son of the Sakamachi family, and I wasn't raised to run away in the face of a threat. Not to mention...

“.....”

Having Konoe protect me, I'd rather die than be such a chicken in front of her. That's why I'm not stepping down. In one move, I closed the distance between us...

“You can stop, Jirou-kun.”

Right before we clashed, a dignified voice called out to us. It was Suzutsuki Kanade. Despite appearing out of nowhere, she remained as calm as always, as she continued her words.

“Nice to meet you, Narumi-senpai. I'm sorry to interrupt you like this, but I would advise you to cease this fighting right now.”

“Eh? Why? We barely started?”

“That's right. The gong for the first round might not have rung yet, but the bell for the first period to start will instead. And then, the teacher will come.” Suzutsuki calmly explained. “Say, aren't you the president of the sports festival execution committee? If you were to cause a problem like this, it might have some influence on the sports festival itself, right? This sports festival is an event important for a lot of students, so you wouldn't want to ruin it for them, right?”

“Urk...you're not wrong.” She said. “Alright, guess I'll pull back for now.” Schrödinger-san relaxed her body.

...That's Suzutsuki for you. She resolved this chaos with just her words alone. If only Schrö-senpai just stays low after this...

“—But, you know.” She flashed an arrogant grin. “How will we clear up this incident today? I'm not going to forget all of this.”

“...Aren't you quite selfish, I see.” Suzutsuki let out a sigh. “Then, how about this? I heard about a special event you were planning for

the sports festival, correct?”

“Ahh, that? Yeah, it’s something like an exhibition match, but I’m struggling to find participants.”

“Is that so? Then...why don’t you have Jirou-kun and Subaru participate in this event?”

“...!? Young lady!?” Dear Butler-kun was baffled at her master’s words.

Naturally, I felt the same way, but the conversation proceeded without us having any choice to disagree.

“After all, it’s an exhibition match, so you can settle your score there. Of course, you’ll participate too, won’t you. You are Schrödinger-san, the strongest of this entire school after all.”

“—Yep, you’re right with that.” Schrödinger-san smiled like she was looking forward to it.

“Then, if Subaru and Jirou-kun win against you, you’ll forget about this event, right?”

“Fine by me. If I win...I can do whatever I want with Sakamachi Kinjirou, right?”

“Yes, that can’t be helped then.”

“Wha!?”

What is she just nonchalantly agreeing to?

“What should I make him do then? Maybe have him be my slave for a month?” Schrö-senpai started thinking about some dangerous things.

How cruel. I didn’t have any bad intentions when accidentally starting this fight, and now my safety is in danger. I feel like I won’t survive being her slave.

“Then, the decisive battle will happen at the sports festival. I’m not gonna lose, alright. If I lose, I’ll call you ‘Onii-chan’ and be your little

sister!”

What an unnecessary declaration of war. After saying these words, she ran through the classroom, opened the window, and jumped outside like it was nothing.

“.....”

Um, you do realize we are on the second floor, right? Because of this odd development, the entire classroom stayed quiet. The sudden arrival, and disappearance, of Rouran Academy’s strongest, the vice president of the handicrafts club Narumi Schrödinger-san, sent tremors through our class, almost like a storm.

1 Usually containing vegetables (especially bitter melon), tofu, meat or fish

2 Normally, i’d write it the English ‘Schroedinger’ way, but the raws of v12 have her name with the German ‘ö’, so I’m keeping it that way

Chapter 2: Deretsuki-san, to your eternity.

“Now then, let’s start this conversation.”

After classes ended, we gathered on the rooftop of Rouran Academy’s first building, when Suzutsuki started with these words. The current members present were me, Konoe, Suzutsuki, and Nakuru. Naturally these names were all involved in the incident this morning. After classes ended, we decided to hold this conversation to come up with countermeasures.

“Uu...It’s all because of Nakuru that Onee-chan just...”

“Don’t try to carry the responsibility on your own. We participated in this right, Jirou?”

“Yeah.” I let out a sigh.

That’s right. Because of that incident where Schrö-senpai pretty much sent me flying into the classroom, it was decided that Konoe and I would be participating in the special event of the sports festival.

“It’s fine. We’ll surely come up with something.”

“Makes sense that you could say that. You’re the reason things ended up this way in the first place.”

“My, how harsh of you. It’s true that my negotiations led to this situation, but if your fight had continued, who knows what might have happened, right? You might have been hurt gravely.” Suzutsuki smiled gently.

Well, you’re not wrong. Rouran Academy might be a private school with somewhat lax rules and code, but a full-blown fistfight won’t be let off that easily. You might even get suspended in the worst case, so Suzutsuki’s decision to go for negotiations was indeed correct....But you know.

“Wouldn’t it be better to not participate in the special event?” Nakuru asked with a worried tone. “That one’s dangerous. Onee-chan is the type of person who definitely does not hold back in that kind of stuff...”

I mean, I fully understand how strong your older sis is just from today, but...”

Narumi Schrödinger is the top-ranking student in Rouran Academy’s handicrafts club, and its vice president. The secret of her strength is the unreasonable power and speed unbecoming of her age. I’ve been trained in martial arts and the like ever since I was a small brat, but I’ve never seen someone like that. If we’re going solely from fighting prowess and ability, she’s probably above Kureha...No, maybe even Mom.

She doesn’t rely on martial arts and other skills, but rather wins with raw strength. Her own abilities greatly overshadow any techniques. This shows even more in the fact that she won against Kureha. If Kureha can’t win, then I’m a lost cause.

“Onee-chan always picked fights with boys ever since she was young because they kept making fun of her as small.”

“I mean, you can’t blame them, looking at her body stature.”

“And in the end, she beat up all of them. Once she grows rampant, there’s no stopping her.”

“She sounds like some wild animal.”

Why would she be a member of the handicrafts club? Is it because that club is messed up to begin with? It is still shrouded in mystery, but with such a vice president, that club can’t be doing any orthodox work I bet.

“Nakuru-chan, we’re not having a battle, we’ll be participating in the special event at the sports festival. We can win just depending on the context, right?”

Hmm, that’s Subaru-sama for you. She brings a valid opinion to the table. This special event apparently is being held in the afternoon of

the sports festival, but the average student doesn't even know what it is about. According to an execution committee member, we're supposed to wait for the day of to find out.

"Since this is about Onee-chan, it is very likely to be related to a fight."

"She's clearly got the upperhand, knowing what the contents are."

"No, that will be fine. Onee-chan prefers to have a fair battle, so it should be a simple event with no backside to it. Or rather, she might just give herself a handicap to make it more exciting."

"So it'll still be some kind of different battle. Still, aren't there other participants besides the two of us?"

Our school actually has a lot of martial arts related clubs. Karate, judo, wrestling, etc, so it wouldn't be weird for them to participate.

"No problems there. Just as Onee-chan stated, she was having trouble finding participants."

"Why?"

"From what I heard, the second potential participants learned of Onee-chan's participation, they all jumped off."

"Just how terrified are they of her? Oh yeah, what about Kureha?"

"Kureha-chan said she wouldn't participate. She said 'Without going to the room of spirit and time¹, I won't be able to win against the vice club prez'."

"Please tell her not to suddenly start living in the 2D world!"

I feel like she might actually go there, which just terrifies me.

"Anyway, that means the only participants will be Narumi-senpai, Subaru, and Jirou-kun, right?"

"Well, no choice but to do it, I guess."

“With your Terminator-like strength, Jirou-kun, you’ll surely make it.”

“Don’t suddenly turn me into a robot.”

I mean, my body might be a bit more sturdy than the average guy’s, but Terminator? Still, what a nostalgic word. A long time ago, Mom was called to the school by my homeroom teacher in grade school. Apparently my teacher didn’t like this spartan training I was going through at home. He screamed ‘Are you planning on turning your own son into a cyborg!’ in the middle of the staff office. Following that, he asked me ‘Are you fine living your life like this!?’.

I mean, back in the day, Mom was the world champion of a certain fighting organization. Known by the world as the strongest woman, she was admired by many as an instructor, and I did too. Though, the young me wished that she would at least hold back a little. However, right as I was thinking that, Mom spoke up with an oddly serious expression.

‘You’re wrong, Sensei! My goal is to make him a Terminator!’

Ahaha, that’s a world champion for you, she really knows how to throw a joke—is what I thought, but Mom’s face was dead serious. It appears as if I was already destined to be sent back into the past, and protect some American guy named Connor until the day my day would come. Despite being a child, I was terrified.

By the way, my homeroom teacher was fuming in anger at that response. Because of that, his blood pressure went crazy, and he collapsed. In the end, he was driven off in an ambulance. While listening to the distant sirens, Mom turned towards me, saying ‘Listen carefully, Kinjirou, you can’t grow up to become a man like that’, as she rubbed my head...Yeah, I get it. But, Mom, I don’t want to become a Terminator either. These were my thoughts when I was barely in my third year of grade school.

Anyway, back to the main topic. I don’t know what this special event is about, but I guess that everything’s fine as long as either Konoe or I win against Schrö-senpai. Thinking about it that way, I felt a small glimmer of hope in this disastrous situation. Konoe could even win

against Kureha, so there's a chance, and I've been training ever since this past April. I should at least be able to stand my ground a fair bit.

"Nakuru is sorry, Senpai, this happened because she forced you on a date with her."

"Let's stop with that. The guys from my class already questioned me about that."

Right after Schrö-senpai left us alone, my classmates surrounded me like a swarm of hyenas. It took a lot of time to clear up that misunderstanding, let me tell you. Then again, the most terrifying one out of all was Subaru-sama. If only I could have resolved that misunderstanding that Schrö-senpai had...but from the looks of it, any persuasion or explanation won't work with her.

That's why...my only option is to win that event and come back alive. What was my punishment? Being a slave for a month? I seriously need to avoid getting in any kind of contract with that person.

"Don't you worry. Whatever the initial reason may be, I started this whole incident. So, you don't need to feel this guilty, okay?"

"Ah...Thank you very much, Senpai."

Nakuru must have been happy to be cheered up like that, as she gave her gratitude in a bashful way. What, you're acting like a normal girl now? You're just a glasses junkie, so don't be like that. But, I guess she is hung up on that whole incident with Schrö-senpai. I don't think anybody can blame her just for having that kind of older sister. Not to mention that they seemed like they were on bad terms. As I have my own monster sibling, I perfectly understand what she's going through. This is pure sympathy I feel right now.

But, I'm sure things will work out. After all, we have Subaru-sama on our side. No clue what this special event will be about, and even if we're fighting against this school's strongest Schrödinger-san, I don't see us losing that easily with Subaru-sama on our side. It's going to sound pathetic again, but I never once won against her in a battle after all. That's why we should be able to make it through this. I

believe.

“Should you really take this so easily, Jirou-kun?”

However, almost as if to ruin my positive mood, Suzutsuki called out to me with a grin.

“After all, now you’re indebted to me.”

“Huh?”

“Isn’t that obvious? Schrö-senpai’s target was you. Basically, I jumped into the fray to help you, and now you’re in my debt, right?”

“!?”

“Of course, simply renting you would be too boring.”

“Y-You wench!”

“You need to repay your debts. So, we’ll do this as an equivalent exchange. Ahh, I can’t wait. I wonder what I should make you do, Jirou-kun.” Suzutsuki-san smiled like she had just found a new toy to play with.

Aaaaaah, this damn sadist! To think she’d bring that up now. This is worse than being lured into some fraud.

“Ah, I know. How about this order?” Suzutsuki thought about it for a second, and spoke up. “How about, in my stead, I have you participate with Subaru in the three-legged race?”

“...! Y-Young lady!”

For some reason, Konoe was the first one to react. With that three-legged race, is she talking about that ridiculous three-legged bread-eating scavenger hunt race?

“What is this about!? I haven’t heard about this!”

“That’s true, I haven’t told you after all.”

“D-Don’t tell me, is that why you agreed to participate?”

“Ding dong. I tried my best to get you and Jirou-kun together for that, but now I finally found a chance.”

“Urk...But, participating in that event with Jirou is...”

“That’s right, you two will be participating in the three-legged race.”

“Ugh...”

“I’m sure your bodies will get exceptionally close.”

“Uuuu...” For some reason, Konoe started blushing furiously as she started groaning to herself.

Maybe she’s embarrassed to participate in this kind of event with a man? I mean, she might be cross-dressing, but she still is a girl. It sounds like a plausible reaction to have.

“Subaru-sama and Senpai are going to participate in the three-legged race!?”

There, one more stupid idiot reacted to these words. That docile attitude from hers just now had vanished elsewhere, and the usual glasses junkie had returned.

“To think those two would indulge in such an aggressive play! That’s not good! My glasses have started to quiver in excitement!”

“Calm down, glasses junkie, a three-legged race is a healthy sport.”

“...!?”

“Even if you look at me in shock like that...”

“But, your hands will be connected, right!?”

“Why would they!?”

“No no, Nakuru says hands, but more accurately, it’s your fingers.”

“Fingers?”

“We’re connecting your small fingers with the red thread of fate!”

“I’ve never heard of such a romantic sport, you know!?”

“As for the cheers, we’ll go with ‘B! L! B! BL!’ okay?”

“I’m definitely not matching up my breathing to that!”

“You don’t need to! Nakuru prefers rough breathing!”

“Like hell we’d make it to the goal like that!”

Though you’d probably reach a different kind of goal line. Listening to our conversation, Konoe started blushing for some reason, muttering a faint ‘R-Red thread...’ a bit further away from us. What kind of reaction is that? Seeing the usual cold and sour Subaru-sama show such an expression is a very fresh sight and ultra cute, we really don’t have the time for that right now.

“Suzutsuki, a moment.”

I forcefully grabbed Suzutsuki’s arm, and pulled her into the corner of the rooftop. At this distance, I won’t have to worry about Nakuru hearing us. It’d be bad if she learned of my gynophobia after all.

“What’s wrong, Jirou-kun?”

“Don’t play dumb. Why do Konoe and I have to participate in that three-legged race?”

“Would you have preferred a more abnormal order?”

“That’s not what I meant!”

“Let’s tie your legs together with barbed wire instead.”

“That hurts just by imagining it!”

“If you make it through these trials, you’ll surely develop an inseparable bond.”

“As well as severe pain and trauma!”

“Isn’t that what youth is all about?”

“Don’t try to cover up your nonsense by sounding cool!”

Youth and pain go hand in hand...No, who cares about that. I can’t be going along with her nonsense all the damn time.

“Is this to fix my gynophobia after all?”

A three-legged race with Konoe can only have one implication. She’s trying to get me to get used to a girl’s skin and touch, thus trying to improve my phobia. It’s a bit of a forceful approach, but I get where she’s coming from.

“...That’s right, that’s one of the reasons, yes.”

However, to my surprise, Suzutsuki averted her gaze after muttering some very profound words. The heck is up with that? I figured she was trying to get a bit of fun out of this, but that doesn’t seem to be the case. That’s not like her, normally she’d always be looking forward to this sort of stuff.

“.....”

Maybe...she’s worrying about something?

“...Hey, Jirou-kun?” With an oddly serious expression, Suzutsuki called out my name. “Would you mind listening to grumbling for a moment?”

“Grumbling?”

“Yes, it’s mindless grumbling. You see, I’ve been having a bit of trouble recently.”

“.....”

At first, I thought she was making up nonsense again, but that’s not what it felt like. If this was still her acting after all that, she could probably win the Academy Award no problem. However, I’m certain these are her honest feelings.

“However, I can’t tell you about what exactly is troubling me.”

“Then how am I supposed to hear out your complaining?”

“Don’t worry about it. Just talking with you is pretty much me complaining.”

“...Sorry, could you explain it in more simple terms for me?”

“To put it frankly, I think I just wanted people to know that ‘Hey, I am having a bit of trouble right now’, you see.”

“What an objective self-analysis, alright.”

However, I feel like I understand what she’s talking about. Basically, Suzutsuki is dealing with something that she can’t tell others, not to mention all on her own. She just wanted someone else to know of this fact, which is why she told me this.

“Why not just be honest about your problem, so that it makes things easier for you?”

“That’s not an option. I can’t do that.”

“Then why not talk to Konoe instead?”

“That’s also out. Or rather, I don’t want her to know about my troubles. Naturally, you can’t tell her either.” She declared with a forceful tone.

...I don’t get it. What am I supposed to do?

“.....”

No, should I really be doing anything at all?

‘Would you mind listening to grumbling for a moment?’

That’s what she said. That’s all she could say. So then...just accepting the fact that she’s agonizing over something, just listening to this very fact should be enough for her. If that allows her to at least feel a bit more relief?

“.....!”

Don't joke with me. What good would that do? That'd just mean Suzutsuki is talking to some doll. I'm just listening, not helping her at all.

“.....”

Is there something I can do? Think about it. There must be something. If I can't do anything here, I wouldn't be any better than some half-baked bartender only listening to someone's worries.

“...Hey, Suzutsuki.” After a bit of thinking, I spoke up. “I know I shouldn't be saying this, as I don't even know what you're going through, but...**Just do what you believe in.**”

“...Eh?” Suzutsuki looked at me in shock.

“Just take the path you decided on. I have no idea what you're being troubled with. But, just worrying about it won't do you any good, right. There's no place to run away, so it'd be best to fight whatever is putting this stress on you.”

“.....”

“No other choice but to wing it, don't you think? You can only move forward. That's the same case for everyone, sometimes you can only put trust in yourself and walk the path you set your eyes on.” I knew I was saying fishy stuff just to satisfy the mood.

Maybe there might have been a better way to cheer her up for all I know. Sadly, this is the best I could do. However...if my words at least gave her a small push in her time of worry, then...

“...Thank you, Jirou-kun.” Suzutsuki showed an angelic smile. “Thanks to you, I feel like I found my own determination.”

“...Glad to hear that.” I suddenly felt embarrassed, and averted my gaze from her.

Well, you know...Her smile is just too cute. If only she wasn't a devil on the inside, she'd be perfect.



“Hey, Jirou-kun. There’s one thing I want to tell you with my pure honesty.”

“Eh?”

“Yes, let me be straight with you.” Suzutsuki kept showing her angelic smile, and she continued. “I’ll always be bullying you from now on and in the future.” She blurted out words that sounded like a

devil's.

“.....Huh?”

“Did you not hear me? I, Suzutsuki Kanade, will forever and ever bully you, Jirou-kun.”

“U-Um...why?”

“Because that was what I was worrying about.”

“Are you kidding me!?”

How can you worry about that!? Why am I being bullied in the first place?!

“Ahh, I'm glad. Thanks to you, all my worries are gone now.”

“Stop stop stop! Don't act so relieved now! Going down that path is definitely problematic!”

“Didn't you say I should do what I believe in?”

“I didn't expect you to worry about something so evil! Also, were you really worrying about bullying me or not!?” As I was baffled, Suzutsuki continued with a somewhat relaxed voice.

“The Deretsuki-san you knew is dead.”

“!?”

I-Impossible! How do you know about my nickname for that! I only kept this name inside of me, so why!

“What are you so surprised about? You were screaming that in your sleep, remember.”

“...In my sleep?”

“Remember when I had you drink sleep medicine and brought you to the inn?”

“That trip during summer break?”

“Yes. While you were sleeping, you were saying stuff like that.” The girl let out a sigh. “Something like ‘No joke! Deretsuki-san is no joke!’.”

“!?”

“Also, ‘I can’t live without Deretsuki-san anymore!’.”

“.....”

“In the end, you grew quiet after screaming ‘Deretsuki-san stole something very important of mineeeee!’, but I didn’t quite understand that.”

“Gyaaaaaaah!?”

Waaaaaaah what nonsense am I saying!? If I was in Suzutsuki’s position, I probably would have reported myself.

“By the way, Subaru was sleeping back then, so I’m the only one who heard that. I had no idea you were calling me like that.”

“Stop! Don’t rub more salt into my wounds!”

“Rest assured, Deretsuki-san has died. From now on—a new era will begin.”

“A-A new era?”

When I returned a question, Suzutsuki showed a devious smile.

“I call it—Yamitsuki²-san.”

“Yamitsuki-san!?”

“A Suzutsuki Kanade who has fallen into the darkness. That’s why Yamitsuki-san. Cool, right?”

“How!? Also, fallen into the darkness?!”

“I fell to the dark side. So, I’ll continue to bully you forever and ever.”

“Scary! You’re just a bully now!”

“Don’t worry about it, bullying just means I’ll make sure to tease you even more than before.”

“Bad touch, bad touch! Rethink that decision! Even I might come to hate you for that, you know!?”

I want the periodic Deretsuki-san back! I wouldn’t mind a bit of Deretsuki-san teasing, you know!?

“...Right. You really should just come to hate me like that.”

“Eh?”

W-What’s up with that? Why does she have such a grave expression now?

“...Hey, Jirou-kun.” Suzutsuku called out to me with a gloomy tone. “You better keep your promise, okay?”

“Promise?”

“That’s right. The promise of you to participate in the three-legged race with Subaru. If you were to break this promise...I’m sure I won’t be able to stop at simple bullying.” She showed a beautiful smile that for some reason looked like she was wearing a mask, and declared these words at a distance where our lips would almost touch.

“W-What exactly are you thinking of, for example?”

“For starters, maybe confinement?”

“Confinement!?”

“Followed by brainwashing.”

“Mind control!?”

“Of course? I’ll turn you into my own personal puppy.”

“.....”

“Now, that’ll be all for now. Let’s hurry on back to Subaru and Nakuru-chan, and come up with countermeasures against Narumi-senpai.”

Like nothing had happened, Suzutsuki went back to her usual expression, and made her way to Nakuru and Konoe. And then, after she walked a bit ahead, she turned around towards me one last time

—

“Do your best, Jirou-kun. I’m sure that I’ll continue to bully you throughout the sports festival.”

“

Yamitsuki-san has awakened. These words filled my head, and I realized that this sports festival would become much more chaotic than ever before.

[1](#) A Dragonball reference. This room lets you spend a year in a single day.

[2](#) Yami = Dark

Chapter 3: Festival Scramble

The 19th of September is the day of the sports festival. Worst of all, the bad premonition I anticipated turned out to be true, and rather than chaos, it was more like a storm—a typhoon.

This large-scale typhoon suddenly built up at the Pacific Coast immediately gained the largest speed, quickly approaching the Japanese Archipelago. Not to mention that it was aiming for a direct course. However, today's weather forecast said that the town we're living in should enter the hurricane's area around evening. It was odd timing.

If it was pouring first thing in the morning, the school probably would have cancelled the sports festival, but we were having clear blue skies which just seemed eerie instead. They probably judged that the wind wouldn't be too much of a problem. Hence, the school side gave the green light for this event, and Rouran Academy's sports festival would be held as planned.

Once the afternoon rolls around, it'd probably change from that into a downpour, and the typhoon would come around to hit us I'm sure, and I bet they must have been worried about that too, but this still is the sports festival, one of the biggest events of the second term. Just like back during the school festival, the motivation of the students was as high as ever. Some were even excited for a typhoon to hit midway. I guess high school students are still children deep down.

Of course, the most excited and motivated person was Narumi Schrödinger. She's the president of the sports festival execution committee, and the person we will have to fight today. With the opening of the festival, we would receive a speech from the very president, and you'd probably expect something boring along the lines of 'With sportsmanship in mind...' and so on, but this school's strongest Schrödinger-san denied those expectations.

‘—Everyone, go and enjoy today!’

That was all she said. However, these simple words send a strong voltage through the rows of the students. Passion filled the hall like some live concert of a rock band was about to begin. Well, that's about what you'd expect from the execution president. She possessed strong leadership you wouldn't expect from her body. In a way, you could call this kind of skill pure charisma. Either way, with these words, our sports festival began.

"Jirou, let's move to the starting line."

In the corner of the sports grounds was a small space for participants of the next events to gather. Konoe was wearing typical sports wear with a shirt, and half-pants reaching down to her knees, as she called out to me.

"Oh, is it time already?"

Right as we headed to the center of the sports grounds, the previous event seemed to have ended. Thus marked the beginning of our three-legged bread-eating scavenger hunt race. It was the event Konoe and I participated in, as well as one of the main events of the morning.

"It's fine, we've been practicing a lot this past week, we can surely do it."

"Yeah, that was rough."

I don't even want to remember. Ever since we held that meeting on the rooftop on that certain day, Konoe and I were practicing each and every moment. Normally, we should have probably practiced for the main event against Schrö-senpai, but that was a more battle-focussed event. That's why, our best anti-measures were to practice at home like we always would, and the rest of the time we used to get better at the whole three-legged thing.

Can't ignore my gynophobia after all. I was forced to enter a three-legged race with that kind of condition. What made it even worse is Suzutsuki Kanade...Or Yamitsuki-san as she referred to herself. Her poisonous tongue developed even further, and her sadistic teasing utterly obliterated both my heart and body. To give you an example,

let me tell you what happened on a certain day's morning.

♀ × ♂

‘Good morning, Jirou-kun.’

“...What time do you think it is right now.”

‘Half past 6 in the morning. I told you I’d give you a morning call yesterday, right?’

“I sure as hell didn’t think you’d actually do that.”

The following morning after Yamitsuki-san’s declaration. My phone suddenly started vibrating together with the Godfather theme, and the person on the other end of the call was none other than that rich lady.

‘Did you think it was the same nonsense as always? Shame on you. Also, at least you won’t get woken up by Kureha-chan, right?’

“At least I’d get to sleep another 30 minutes, you know?”

‘I’m surprised you answered my call.’

“Don’t diverge from the topic.”

‘Fufu, I’m sorry. But, you said that you had trouble getting up in the morning, right?’

“Well, you’re not wrong...”

Because of my low blood pressure, I would often ignore my alarm, or even smash it to the ground. However, today I was woken up by my phone...although I also almost threw that to the ground. I guess I subconsciously stopped myself.

“I was probably surprised and then woke up. First time I woke up to the Godfather theme after all.”

‘You’re still keeping that as my melody?’

“That’s my image of you, so yeah.”

‘Maybe Darth Vader’s theme would be a better match?’

“We had this conversation back in May already.”

‘I feel like that would fit Yamitsuki-san much better. That’s what I’ve been preparing for since Golden Week.’

“That conversation back then was preparation!?”

That was in April, how far ahead did you plan?

‘Fufu, my name is Yamitsuki-san, the woman who has fallen into the dark side.’

“Are you not embarrassed to say stuff like the dark side?”

‘I’ve long thrown away my shame.’

“Zat so.”

‘The fact that I’m calling you fully naked is enough proof of that.’

“You’re naked, Suzutsuki-san!?”

‘Oh my? Did I never tell you?’

“You sure didn’t! Why are you naked!?”

‘Because I’m taking a bath right now. Why would I wear clothes during that time?’ Yamitsuki-san said it like it was the most obvious response.

N-N-N-Naked...I mean, she’s not wrong, but if she suddenly tells me that, I don’t even know how to react...

‘Jirou-kun, you were imagining me taking a bath right now, weren’t you?’

“!?”

‘Lecher, pervert, adolescent beast. This is why boys are such a chore.’

“I call false accusations! I definitely wasn’t thinking about anything

like that!”

‘Really? So you will die in vain here?’

“...Eh?”

‘Apologies, I meant “explain”.’

“You totally said that on purpose, right!”

‘A careless mistake.’

“Like hell you’d make such a careless mistake!”

‘It was just a careless mistake!?’

“Don’t change the intonation just to have fun!”

How do you mistake these two things, huh? You clearly had ill intent while saying that.

‘Come on, explain your innocence.’

“Hold on a second. Why is that important right now? Why do I have to do that over a phone call?”

‘Should I start a video call then?’

“I’m sorry, I’ll properly explain myself so please don’t!”

‘You chicken bastard.’

“Like hell I could just do a video call with a naked girl!”

‘Why are you panicking like that? Are you naked right now as well or something?’

“What kind of flow of events is that even!?”

‘I mean, a female classmate of yours is giving you a morning call, you know? There would be nothing weird with you being on stand-by, completely naked.’

“I feel like you have a grave misunderstanding about being an adolescent boy!”

“Then, you’re properly wearing clothes, right?”

“.....”

‘...Eh? Don’t tell me...’

“H-Hold on! I’m not fully naked! I’m only wearing underwear right now!”

‘So basically...nothing but below your waist?’

“Urk...”

What else did you expect? Even the nights during September are steaming hot, so I won’t be able to sleep otherwise. Probably took off my shirt in my sleep anyway. When I woke up, I was only wearing my pair of underwear.

‘To think you were that much of a pervert that you’d enjoy talking with a phone while only wearing your underwear...’

“I’m not even enjoying this!”

‘Not to mention your little sister’s panties...’

“Boxers! I’m wearing boxers, okay!”

‘I don’t think she would mind that much.’

“I’ll experience a horrible way to wake up!”

Imagine Kureha walks in on me sleeping, as I’m wearing her panties. She’d probably kill me on the spot. I might just never wake up again.

‘But...that’s not good.’ Suzutsuki suddenly said so. ‘When we’re on a phone call, I can’t tell what clothes you’re wearing.’

“You’re still going on about that?”

‘This is very important. My good friend might be a failure of a human

being who loves wearing his little sister's panties.'

"Aren't you just getting dizzy from the heat of your bath?"

'Fufu, that might be the case. If so...How about we start a video call?'
She said, and let out a snicker.

.....Um, what is this about? Holding a video call to check if I wasn't wearing anything unorthodox is fine and all, but wouldn't that be bad for Suzutsuki? I mean, she's naked right now.

'It's fine. Just like you said, I'm starting to feel dizzy. That's why—I'll put on a bath towel after getting out.'

"Huh?"

'See you later, Jirou-kun. I'll be wrapping a bath towel around me first, I'll call you in a bit.'

There, she cut the call one-sidedly.

"....."

Don't underestimate me. She still thinks of me as a chicken bastard. If I don't answer the call, she will probably punish me some other way. I'll show her that I can be a man too. And no, it's definitely not that I want to see a female classmate of mine only wearing a bath towel around her.

"!"

There, the Godfather theme started playing again. This time it was a video call. I took a few deep breaths to calm myself, and accepted the call...

'Nii-san, what are you doing?'

For some reason, what appeared on the screen was my little sister's face.....Odd. I was expecting my classmate in a mere towel...
Weird, maybe the radio waves messed up, and connected me to the wrong person. However, why does it say 'Devil Suzutsuki' on the screen then?

“K-Kureha-san...? Why are you using Suzutsuki’s phone?”

‘Uuuuhm. Onee-sama just came over, so I borrowed her phone because she told me to wake you up.’

“Huh?”

What is this about? Suzutsuki should be in her own bath at her residence...Ah!?

“Don’t tell me...A trap!?”

I was done in. The part of Suzutsuki being naked was another part of her mischief. The proof of that is her being here at my place. She probably came to pick me up on the way to school, but set up all of this just to tease me. Her real goal most likely...

‘More importantly, Nii-san? Why are you answering Onee-sama’s call while looking like that? Not to mention a video call.’

There, I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, together with a cold voice from my own little sister.

‘You know, I need to tell you as your little sister, but answering a video call like that, not to mention one of your classmates, is pretty gross as a human being...’ Her voice grew even more terrifying.

Unable to deal with this fear, I went to even lock the door. That should at least earn me some time. Now I just have to jump out of the window...

‘Nii-saaaaan, locking the door won’t help youuuu~’

Immediately after, the doorknob broke, and flew off...Amen, I prayed. Of course, to the pro-wrestling God. However, I immediately got an answer in the shape of ‘You feeling good!? If so, then anything’s doable!’, which of course was nothing but a distant hallucination. Seriously, this is all the help I get? You’re telling me to fight this monster all on my own?

“Nii-san, I’m coming in, okay~ Don’t worry, this is just for your education. I’m making sure that you don’t turn into a pervert~”

Upon entering the room, I saw Kureha's expression, distorted with anger. Behind her was Suzutsuki, enjoying my expression filled with despair. Ahh, I was an idiot for falling for this.

“...Yeah, as I thought.”

Yamitsuki-san's no joke. Right as I realized the hell that would await me from now on, my consciousness was shut down with the pro-wrestling moves of my little sister.

♀ × ♂

This concludes the ending of the flashback. Terrifyingly enough, my recent days all went by like this. There was no day where I wasn't pranked or made fun of in some way. Not to mention that this Yamatsuki-san mode is just terrifying. There's this cold tone in her voice at any given moment. Even though she'd be the same as always in front of everybody else...

“To all you students.”

Ah, talk about the devil.

“The next event will be the three-legged bread-eating scavenger hunt race. All students please gather at the starting line.”

From the speakers located in the corners of the sports grounds came a familiar voice, naturally belonging to Suzutsuki Kanade. Apparently she was asked by Schrö-senpai to take care of the live documentation. Since she's popular with both boys and girls, I doubt anybody would complain about this, I'm sure. Well, if there was one complaint I had...

“Nya? Onee-sama, what kind of event is this?”

From the speakers, I heard yet another voice all too familiar to me. The people who heard the broadcast probably already know who this is, but naturally it could only be Sakamachi Kureha, my little sister. It was her job to explain the events. Apparently, Suzutsuki made it a condition to have Kureha as her assistant. No idea why, but here we are.

All I can see is this being a fatal mistake. After all, all she knows about are wrestling moves, remember? Knowing Suzutsuki, she probably decided on this because it seemed interesting, but I'm not so sure about that.

"I will explain it right now, Commentator Sakamachi-san." Probably because she was broadcasting this, Suzutsuki spoke with polite and formal language. "This event—the three-legged bread-eating scavenger hunt race consists, as the name suggests, of three separate events put into one."

"The three-legged race, the bread-eating race, and the scavenger hunt race, I see."

"The distance is measured at around 50m. First, you have to snatch the bread at the first gate, and make sure that it isn't being stolen from you. Although this is a three-legged race, only one person has to snatch the bread. Of course, you're not allowed to use your hands."

"Hmm, sounds interesting. I should have participated!"

"Once you snatch the bread, you reach the scavenger hunt area. You need to pick up a card on the ground, and gather the object written on it. Once that's done, you only have to cross the goal line. Did you understand that, Sakamachi-san?"

"Yes, thank you very much!"

"By the way, what kind of bread do you like, Sakamachi-san?"

"A jam bun! Nothing can beat that red strawberry jam!" Kureha wiped away her drool.

Did you see that? The role of the commentary and person explaining the events have been reversed already. You seriously would have been better off putting a puppet of Colo*el Sanders.

"Senpai!"

We headed to the starting line while listening to this messed up broadcast, when someone called out to me from behind. Turning around, there came a girl with a well-endowed chest and cat ears

running towards us—Narumi Nakuru. She seemed to be in a rush, as she was running fast enough for her breasts and cat ears to shake.

“What’s wrong? Did something happen?”

“There’s something Nakuru wanted to tell you...Huff...huff...”

“For now, catch a breath. You’re breathing heavily.”

“Apologies, that’s because Nakuru was getting excited.”

“Why!?”

“Eh? Because Subaru-sama and Senpai are about to participate in the three-legged race, right? Ahh, just imagining that scenery makes Nakuru...Ahhh!”

“.....”

Am I the only one who thinks we should quickly carry her to the nurse’s tent? I really thought you were out of breath because you were running, you know.

“Rest assured, Nakuru has properly prepared a video camera for the occasion.”

“That’s not something that would make me feel at ease, you know.”

“Around thirty of them.”

“So many!”

“Nakuru will edit the footage so as to create a documentary.”

“Documentary?”

“Yes, and the title shall be Project X, with the X as in ‘Subaru-sama x Senpai’...”

“Alright, I can already tell you that this title won’t be accepted.”

“The producers will be us, the [Watch over Subaru-sama with a warm gaze] committee.”

“You guys sure are passionate, huh.”

“Oh, you’re making Nakuru blush~ But, they’re still far from it. As proof of that, look over at the guardians with their high-tech cameras and equipment.”

“Guardians?”

Weird. This isn’t the sports day in grade school. We shouldn’t have any visitors outside the school here.

“It turned out to be Subaru-sama’s father.”

“I should have known!”

“His glasses were as wonderful as always.”

“Who cares about his glasses at this point!?”

“However, having an outsider at the school was bad after all. After walking around for a bit, he was captured and escorted out by the security.”

“...Oh yeah, these kinds of things tend to happen more frequently as of late.”

That old man just loves embarrassing his daughter in public.

“So, what do you want? You came here just to report that?”

“N-No...that’s not it...”

For some reason...Nakuru’s cheeks looked reddened, and she averted her gaze. However, her voice clearly reached me.

“Do your best in the three-legged race!”

She left behind only these words, making them see like she said it with all her might, and ran away on quick feet.

“.....?”

What was that about? Did she simply come here to cheer me on?

Hmm, why does this not feel right? There's no way that glasses junkie would act for anything but glasses or BL.....

“...Jirou.”

There, I heard an oddly displeased voice. I turned towards that voice, only to see Subaru-sama glaring at me.

“I've been meaning to ask...When you met Nakuru-chan during last summer break, nothing happened, right?”

“Y-Yeah, it really wasn't that big of a deal.”

“Really?”

“Really. I was just giving her some advice.”

“...Hmm.”

For some reason, Konoe sure didn't sound convinced at that, as she let out a sigh.

“What's wrong? Are you still doubting me?”

“No, it's not that I don't believe you, but...”

“But?”

“That reaction just now from Nakuru-chan...” Konoe started thinking about something, and grew silent.

Maybe she also thought that something was off with Nakuru's attitude just now.

“But, do you really need to think about it that deeply? This isn't the first time she's acting weird, right. More importantly, let's go to the starting line.” When I started walking, Konoe let out a flustered ‘Ah, wait for me, Jirou!’ and started running after me.

That's right, we need to focus on the three-legged race right now. Honestly speaking, I'm not sure if we can make it through. It's just a mere 50m of running, but most of the time in training, I had to drop

out halfway because of a nosebleed. I at least made it until the end back then, but now I also have to worry about the bread-snatching and whole scavenger hunt thing.

“No other choice but to do it, I guess.”

While thinking about this and that, we reached the starting line. When I looked around, I saw several slices of bread hung up along the track, as well as cards scattered on the floor. Seems like they’re well prepared.

“Now then, the participants seem to have finished their preparations, so let us begin the three-legged bread-snatching scavenger hunt race. Participants of the first group, on your marks. Ready, set...”

Bang! An execution committee member matched the shot of this signal gun with Suzutsuki’s words. For better or for worse, we’re in the last group, so we can watch over the rest for now.

“The first group of people have reached the bread-snatching area.”

“Oh my, it seems like grabbing the bread as two people is quite difficult...”

“Even so, they managed to acquire a slice, and are now making their way to the scavenger hunt area. The object they are hunting for...Oh my, it’s ‘A beauty with roughly D-cups’, it seems.”

“That’s a weird item to get!”

“The pairs following made it to the scavenger area too, and looking at it with the binoculars, they got...” ‘The newest release of the Monthly Comic Alive’, ‘A cute female classmate’s flute’, ‘Student counselor Meguro-sensei’s toupee’...

“Wait, Meguro-sensei was wearing a toupee?”

“Sakamachi-san, they can hear us.”

“Ah, excuse me, Meguro-sensei!”

“By the way, the person who thought of all these items was none

other than our execution committee president Narumi-senpai. Everyone, please scavenge as many items as you need. You can also use a pass one time, which allows you to pick up a new item.” Suzutsuki explained, as she ogled the situation through the binoculars, Kureha commenting on the side.

...Um, I feel like most of these ‘objects’ are pretty unorthodox if you ask me. Look at the people participating, even they are holding their heads. And so was Meguro-sensei, whose secret was found out. That Schrödinger-san, she used her position as the execution committee president for something like this.

“Ahh, that looks fun. I should have participated myself.”

“I understand what you feel. I’m sure the participants are filled with excitement. On a side note, my butler, who is participating in the final group, was so excited, she was making several teruteru bouzu yesterday, all so that she would be lucky today.”

Because of Suzutsuki’s sudden announcement over the speakers, Konoe froze up, and then started blushing furiously. Teruteru bouzu...was she really looking forward to this event that much? That’s kind of adorable.

“Jirou! Don’t get the wrong idea! I wasn’t looking forward to it or anything!”

“But...teruteru bozu...?”

“I just wanted to hang up with somebody, okay...!”

“Why’d this suddenly turn so occult-ish?”

“A-Anyway! Whatever you’re thinking, you’re wrong! I definitely wasn’t looking forward to running with you or anything!” Dear Butler-kun frantically waved her hands as she tried to make up excuses.

You don’t need to be this desperate, okay. Also, why was she looking forward to this event anyway? Maybe to eat some bread? She’s a gluttonous butler after all.

“M-More importantly, let’s put on the headband. Our turn is coming up soon.” Konoe obviously changed the topic of conversation, and started tying one leg of mine and one leg of hers together.

Man, I really can’t get used to this. I’m already in touch with a girl after all. After Konoe finished tying our legs together, we put our hands over each other’s shoulders. The second I felt something soft on my palm, the shivers started, and the tip of my nose grew hot. Undoubtedly, my gynophobia activated.

“Jirou, are you okay?”

“Yeah...somewhat...”

“But, your face is really pale.”

“No worries. Let’s just focus on the event. We need to make it through the goal line.”

“Y-Yeah.”

“But, we need to overcome that river first.”

“...River?”

“Yeah, there’s a lot of stones at the river bed. So many flowers across the river...Huh? Weird, there’s some guy across the river that oddly resembles my dead old man, and he’s becoming me over...”

“Jirou! Pull yourself together! You can’t cross that river!”

“Ahahaha, wait a second, Dad, I’ll make it to the goal line soon enough...”

“Waaaaaah!” In fear and shock, Konoe slapped my cheek, which pulled my consciousness back to reality.

T-That was dangerous. I was starting to see weird fantasies because of my gynophobia. How eerie that is, it’s like a preamble to the tragedy about to occur.

“Now, we’ve reached the climax. The final group is about to start

running.”

Together with Suzutsuki’s words, Konoe and I stood at the starting line. Two other pairs were running with us. Alright, I’ll leave the whole fighting to them, my goal is just to complete the race. It might be a lot to ask for, but if I pass out before even being able to participate in the event in the afternoon, that’ll be no joke.

“Now then, the final round. The final group of the three-legged bread-snatching scavenger hunt will begin now...Ready, set...”
Together with Suzutsuki’s voice, tension filled the sports grounds.

Silence reigned. In the midst of that, I was simply waiting for the pistol shot, however—

“Hold on a second!”

Suddenly, a loud anime-esque voice rang from the speakers. I subconsciously directed my gaze over at the commentator’s tent, and spotted none other than the ultra small sports festival execution committee president, showing a confident expression. She stood at the desk with the microphone like a king, and then took a deep breath.

“—Let me join in.” She announced, and showed an innocent smile.

“What exactly do you mean by that, Narumi-senpai?”

As the sports grounds were frozen stiff, Suzutsuki was the only one who called out to Schrö-senpai with a calm voice.

“Exactly what I said, of course. The final group of the three-legged bread-snatching scavenger hunt race...let me participate.”

“You want to invade the event?”

“Yeah, I figured it’d be the perfect prelude for what’s to come later. Remember the special event in the afternoon? I want to warm up.”

“But, what about the points of this event? You do realize that this is a class versus class event, right?”

“No worries, I’m just participating, not getting any points. Even if I get first place, just give the second place points for the first place.”

“I see, that shouldn’t be a problem then.” Suzutsuki nodded in agreement.

Hey hey hey, don’t just agree to that! Even if it’s Schrö-senpai, you shouldn’t allow this kind of selfish behaviour.

“Not to mention.”

However, Schrö-senpai explained like she was talking to the audience.

“That way, things will be more exciting, right?”

“...Indeed.” Suzutsuki answered after thinking about it for a second. “Then, why don’t we leave it to the students? If you are okay with the participation of Narumi-senpai... then please deliver an applause right now.” She called out to the people listening.

Silence followed for a few seconds, only for that to change with... **Clap clap clap clap clap**...Faint clapping could be heard, More and more people started to join in, until the entire student body applauded aggressively, even chanting Schrö-senpai’s name.

“.....”

She really did it. That’s the president of the execution committee for you, she’s got the students on her side. And she’s not wrong either. Her participation would surely fire up the audience.

“However, what will you do about your partner?”

“Eh?”

Because of Suzutsuki’s question, Schrö-senpai froze up.

“Like I said, the other participant. This event is a three-legged race, remember? You can’t participate in this event all on your own.”

“U-Um...” Schrödinger-san started thinking, as she crossed her arms.

Seriously? She jumped to the front without considering that?

“...Ah, right. There’s her.”

“Do you have someone in mind?”

“Yep, I found someone that will make things interesting.” Schrö-senpai spoke with full confidence, and pointed at the medical care tent in the corner of the sports grounds. “I’ll make the handicraft club member helping as a health care member my partner.”

Immediately after, a shocked ‘Huuuuuh!?’ voice came from the medical care tent. Standing there was a single girl with twintails, who for some reason wore a nurse uniform—Usami Masamune. Suddenly being called out, the girl was utterly baffled.



♀ × ♂

“Why did this happen...”

Next to the starting line, nurse Masamune muttered these words, as her shoulders dropped in defeat.

“Why are you even wearing those clothes?”

Indeed, Masamune was, for some reason, wearing your typical nurse uniform, adding the adorable nurse's cap, and kneesocks. But, it looks more like a cosplay version than the real thing. No way a normal nurse uniform would have a skirt this short. Although it does look good on her, I can't lie.

"I mean, I'm a member of the health care committee."

"...Um, I don't really get it."

"You're so annoying, stupid chicken! I don't get it either! When working at the sports festival, the girls that are part of the health care committee have to wear these kinds of clothes! That's how it was decided!"

"Decided..."

Who even decided on that? Not even Mary Antoinette would go for such a crazy stunt.

"It looks great on you, Usamin. That's how health care committee members gotta look like!" Schrö-senpai commented, as she tied their legs together.

I see, so she's the mastermind. With her position, that's something she can achieve very easily. Right now, she's like a queen after all.

"Vice club president, stop laughing like that. Also, why do I have to participate in this event?"

"Eh? Usamin, you didn't like the cosplay?"

"I don't understand."

"Didn't you like the idea of being seen in cosplay in front of a lot of people?"

"That makes even less sense!"

"You're working at a maid cafe, right."

"Ah...I-I wasn't working there for this purpose..."

“Did you get excited at serving someone else?”

“No! I wanted to earn money! That’s the only reason I was working there! I didn’t apply there to serve other people, or wear cute clothes!”

“Hmm, don’t be so cold. I chose you because we’re in the same handicrafts club, and I know how fast you can run, is all.”

“T-That’s all...?”

“Also, I figured things would be a bit more spicy if I had you participate.”

“What?”

“Look around you. The guys are staring at you. Would stir up the audience a lot, right?”

“Wha—!” Steam started rising from Masamune’s head.

I can’t blame her. In the audience, large groups of guys were directing all their attention over towards Masamune. Really, what a sad reality this is. We adolescent boys really are simple beings. Of course, the girls were screaming in excitement at the fact that Subaru-sama was participating. I felt some faint gazes of killing intent directed at me, but I decided to ignore that. They’re probably dear members of the [S4]. Please don’t throw molotovs at me~

“I should have stayed at home today...”

“Don’t be so sad, everything will be fine. We can win this. I have confidence in my speed.”

“That’s why I’m worried. I feel like I’m being tied to a F1 car with shackles.”

“M-Moron, don’t praise me like that, it’s embarrassing.”

“I wasn’t praising you!”

“Well, don’t worry. Just leave it all to me. Not like our rivals are

anything special.” She spoke with a provocative intonation.

Hearing that, my partner the butler let out a bothered ‘Hmpf’.

“I can’t really ignore that. Are you saying that we will lose?”

“Of course. Just to let you know, but I haven’t eaten since the day before yesterday. Basically, I’m a starving beast, so my motivation to snatch that bread is bigger than you could imagine.” After some confident phrase like that, Schrö-senpai’s stomach let out an adorable grumble.

.....She’s an idiot alright. Not eating anything for the past two days is taking things too far, alright. Only she could come up with nonsense like that...

“What a coincidence. I haven’t eaten anything since the day before yesterday either.”

There’s another idiot right here! Not to mention that she’s my partner!?

“Huh, not bad. To think you’d arrive at the same tactics as I have.”

“Keep howling. I’ll teach you who gets to eat first.”

“Huh. Fight’s on, then.”

Sparks yet again flew between the two...Well, either way. In the end, it’s exactly as Schrö-senpai declared. The audience was more excited than ever, and the motivation of the participants rose all the same. To put it bluntly—the place was burning with passion beyond belief. Just simply because of Schrö-senpai’s participation, everybody was celebrating this event.

“All participants, have you finished your preparations?” Suzutsuki spoke up through the speakers.

Despite being noisy all this time, the audience suddenly grew silent in wait. And then...

“Then, the signal, please. The final group of the three-legged bread-

snatching scavenger hunt race... starts...now!"

There, the pistol shot rang out at the same time as Suzutsuki finished her words. All of us participants started dashing at the same time.

".....!"

The moment I took that first step, my consciousness shook. However, our initial dash seemed to have worked out, as our position was ahead of the pack. That being said, relaxing would be fatal. My gynophobia was still going rampant, and just holding back my nosebleed was all I could do. We need to pass the goal as quickly as possible...!

"Bastard! Don't run ahead of me!"

Behind us, I could hear an enraged anime voice. When I glanced backwards, I saw Schrö-senpai dashing after us like she was hunting her prey, and...Wait, hold on. The heck is that?

"V-Vice president, what kind of running is this!?"

"Hm? There's no problem, right? We're running three-legged."

"How is this three-legged!?" The nasty rabbit complained.

I can't blame her. Despite them running in the three-legged style, her leg did not touch the ground. Instead, it was more like two-legged but with two people. Schrö-senpai had Masamune cling to her neck, and ran along at full speed. It was a new type of running style that would even leave Usain Bolt shocked. That's only possible because of Schrö-senpai's insane physical abilities. Not to mention that she's fast.

"Noooo! Let me down!!"

"Eh? Seriously? You'll probably get dragged along if I do though?"

"I take it back! Just reach the goal quickly!"

"Leave it to me. Also, you're clinging too hard. I mean, you got more than what you're leading on, huh."

“!?”

“C-cups?”

“Noooooooo!?”

“Tsk, growing up like this. If I was a guy, I’d get a nosebleed.”

“Don’t be jealous now!” Even while having her bust size revealed, Masamune did not let up at all.

What a clever decision. If she let go of Schrö-senpai now, she’d be dragged through the dirt like a dust cloth. So that Schrö-senpai wouldn’t catch up easily, Konoe and I sped up too. Seems like our practice worked out pretty well. Then again, she’s not even really pressing her chest against me, and I can still feel the nosebleed coming.

After running along the track, we reached the bread-snatching area.

“Jirou, can I grab the bread?” Around five meters away from the hung up bread, Konoe said with an oddly terrifying expression.

“Got it. Which one are we aiming for?”

There’s five slices of bread. From the right, we have melon bread, anpan, cream bread, a hot dog bun, and finally the croissant. They sure put a lot of effort in the variety here alright.

“Hmm...Then, the anpan.”

“Got it.”

“Jirou, it’s going to be mine, okay? No stealing it from me at the last second, you hear me?” Subaru-sama looked at me like a blood-starved beast.

She’s hungry alright. Makes sense why she was staring up at the clouds, saying ‘Ahh, they look so sweet and delicious...’, huh. I was worried she was on some drug trip, but it was all just her empty stomach. I need to have her eat something alright. As going along with the rules of this race, we can’t use our hands. That means we

had to finish eating the bread right here.

All focus went onto the anpan. I jumped as high as I could so that Konoe could grab the bread much easier.

“Woah!?”

However, we passed by the bread without being able to snatch it. I immediately understood the reason as to why we failed. The bread hung higher than we anticipated. Looking over, the thread of the anpan and croissant were a bit shorter than the rest. Must have been done intentionally to variate the difficulty, and to make things more exciting. That’s why Konoe could barely not reach the bread. Damn it, we have to switch the target then...

“Urk...I’m not giving up! Jirou! One more time!”

Do you want to eat the anpan that badly!? Konoe continued jumping like an energetic rabbit, but her attempts ended in vain. Konoe might be able to grab it simply relying on her own abilities, but we were in the middle of a three-legged race. All her abilities were pretty much halved. Maybe I should grab the bread after all? But, that way she can’t eat it...

“You’re slowing down, Junior!”

I heard Schrö-senpai’s scream in the distance, only to immediately be tackled by her, which led me to groan like a frog that just got stepped on. Damn it, to think she’d fight for a position in the bread-snatching part of all the places. Apparently she was in it for the anpan as well. However, Schrö-senpai is even smaller than Konoe, so how is she supposed to get it before us?

“I’m counting on you, Usamin!”

There, Schrö-senpai gave the responsibility to Masamune, surprisingly enough. She momentarily let down Masamune on the ground, only to jump after. Maybe it was thanks to her higher stature, or thanks to Schrö-senpai’s power, but Masamune managed to get this bread. But, why? Schrö-senpai should be hungry right now, so just giving the bread to Masamune...

“Usamin, turn over here.”

“Hm? Fef?”

There, Schrö-senpai apparently came up with something, as she turned her own face towards Masamune.

“Mmmm!?”

Immediately after, Masamune’s shocked voice rang out. Schrö-senpai bit into the bread on the opposite side of Masamune, and ripped it out of her mouth to chomp on it herself...Now she did it. She’s not using her hands like this, and thus is protecting the rules perfectly. Still, using this kind of pocky game method to steal the bread...!

“Ahaha! See you later, Subaru-sama! The anpan was delicious!” Schrö-senpai let out an arrogant voice, and started running towards the scavenger hunt area.

The pairs following managed to quickly snatch the bread, and passed us. This is bad, we’re not making any progress. My gynophobia is getting worse, and we’re reaching the time limit. Not to mention that all we have left is the croissant that’s hanging up the highest. Can’t help it. I feel bad for Konoe, but as I’m taller than her, I need to grab it first—

“What are you hesitating for, Jirou-kun?”

There, a dignified voice passed over the grounds to my ear. It’s Suzutsuki, and while keeping up her young lady smile, she continued.

“You just have to give her the bread just like Narumi-senpai did.”

“.....”

No no no no, what are you saying out loud with speakers attached to your microphone? Even Konoe went all ‘Eh!?’ after hearing those words.

“It’s simple, right? Jirou-kun, you have to grab the bread, and then have Konoe eat it. It’s the same thing Narumi-senpai and Usami-san just did.”

Here comes Yamitsuki-san with an unexpected appearance! You plan to make me embarrass myself like this in front of the entire student body!? Of course, said students already figured out what Suzutsuki was talking about with these words, as I heard roars from the female portion. Half of them probably were the [Watch over Committee] who believed that Konoe and I were dating, and the latter was probably the [S4] who were busy writing my name into their death notes. Can't blame them, this is no different than doing a pocky game. Worse of all, we had to do it with a small croissant.

"Jirou-kun, did you not realize that your nose has been bleeding for a while? Did you get hurt because of Narumi-senpai bumping into you just now?"

"!?"

Because of Suzutsuki's declaration, only now did I realize that I was suffering from a nosebleed. Must have been because of my phobia. Oh yeah, I was wondering why I was feeling so dizzy for a while now. At least now nobody is suspicious of my nose bleed thanks to Suzutsuki's follow up, but I can't afford to collapse here...!

"...Shit."

No other choice but to do it, huh. When I looked over at Konoe, she grew silent, only blushing. After thinking about it for a moment, she nodded.

"...A-Alright, let's do this." I responded with a quivering voice, and jumped for the croissant.

As expected, because of our difference in height, I easily managed to snatch it. The problem comes after.

"K-Konoe..."

With the croissant in my mouth, I turned my face towards Konoe. In doing so, she also approached the croissant, her face as red as a tomato. Because of this, I saw her antique doll-esque facial features right in front of me, as she accepted the croissant, and gulped it down.



“Kyaaaaaaaaah!” A small portion of the audience raised shrieks like they had fallen to the pits of hell.

This might be the best possible material for their doujinshi, alright. Also w-w-was that an indirect kiss just now...?

“J-Jirou! Let’s go!” Konoe probably tried to hide her own embarrassment, as she forcefully started running.

...Yeah, I'll just forget about that. This isn't the time to be embarrassed. In order to not let my gynophobia get the better of me...! With that thought in mind, we ran for the scavenger hunt area. Luckily, many of the other pairs were standing there, lost on what to do. Seems like they got some impossible objects. Even the pair of Schrö-senpai and Masamune were standing there, Masmaune looking like she was about to break out in tears.

"Hurry up, Usamin! The goal is right over there!"

"Don't wanna! I'm not doing this!"

"Come on, it's not that hard! 'The socks of the person you like' is an easy object, right!"

"What perverted object is that supposed to be! Also, you made me pick this up, right!?"

"I figured it'd be fun!"

"Youuuuuuu!"

"Come on, you must have someone you're at least interested in, right?"

"T-That's..." Masamune started blushing, and grew quiet.

With how hard it is for her to put trust into others, I can't imagine that she has someone like that. She'll probably be forced to use the pass.

"Konoe! Let's hurry and pick one ourselves!"

We went for the cards that were still scattered on the floor. Oh man, I just hope it's nothing too crazy...

"J-Jirou, I actually already picked one up..."

"Eh? Really?"

I looked over at Konoe, and saw a card in her hand. Seems like she already picked up one while I was paying attention to Schrö-senpai

and Masamune. But, why is she so nervous? I was a bit confused, and looked at the writing on the card. There, it said—

‘The person you want to confess to’

...Weird. Is my gynophobia flaring up for good right now? I’m starting to see hallucinations.

“It appears as if Subaru pulled the ‘The person you want to confess to’ card.”

“Wha...!?”

A sudden announcement declared this fact to the audience. When I looked over towards the commentators, that rich lady was looking at us through binoculars, grinning. Ahh, she’s enjoying herself!

“Y-Young lady!”

“My, what’s wrong, Subaru? Why are you panicking like this?”

“B-Because...t-t-t-this object is...”

“Isn’t it simple?”

“!?” Butler-kun was shocked to hear these words.

The person she wants to confess to...Basically, well...the person she’s interested in, right? But, does Konoe have someone like that? After hearing about this, the audience grew even more noisy in excitement. It’s like I was part of some public demonstration.

“Uuuuu...” In the midst of that, Konoe bit her lip, and started thinking, only to eventually... “P-Pass!” Konoe threw away the card.

At the same time, you could hear screams of disappointment, but also sighs of relief in the audience. Great judgement. Fulfilling this scavenger hunt would be the same as doing a confession after all. She definitely can’t do such a thing, right...

“...Huh?”

Why was I relieved there for a second?

“Jirou, you pick up the next one!” Konoe’s words pulled me back to reality.

That’s right, the most important right now is to cross the goal, so I have to focus. We can only use one pass, so I need to get the best possible card...!

“...This one!” I made up my mind and grabbed a single card.

“The member of the opposite sex you’re most closest with’

“Are you kidding meeeee!?” I subconsciously screamed.

This is the worst. To think I would draw the one card that really only fuels my gynophobia.

“Fufu, this seems interesting. The card Jirou-kun drew says ‘The member of the opposite sex you’re most closest with!’”

Urk...

“You can’t use the pass anymore! I wonder what girl Jirou-kun will bring with him!”

“...Ugh.”

Yamitsuki-san, can you stop? Talking about the person I’m closest with as a female friend, that’s definitely Konoe, but if I took her with me now, they would figure out that she’s a girl.

“...Stupid chicken?”

Someone called out to me, and when I turned towards that voice, I saw Masamune looking at me. I mean, we’re pretty good friends, but dragging you along and revealing that we’re this close is just getting close to being publicly embarrassed.

“...Hurry up, Sakamachi Kinjirou.”

“!?”

To my shock, now even Schrö-senpai looked over at me, with an oddly profound gaze. Does she...No, let's not get ahead of ourselves. She sees me as an enemy, right. Also, you just focus on getting to the goal, alright.

“...Jirou, what will you do?”

Even my partner Konoe looked at me with a gaze full of anxiousness. Three gazes pierces me, as well as the entire audience having their attention directed at me.

“.....”

...After a moment of thinking, I decided, and started running towards the person I had chosen.

“...Hmm? Nii-san, why are you coming over here?”

I reached the commentator's tent, and grabbed my little sister's arm, and walked to the goal to reach first place. This is the choice I've taken. I mean, my little sister is still someone from the opposite sex, right?

“...Chicken bastard.”

Amidst the vivid booing of the audience, I heard faint muttering coming from Suzutsuki...Damn it, just say whatever you want. I myself feel like I might have won the battle and lost the war, but this was the best possible choice I could take.

“...Hmpf.”

Even Konoe was glaring at me for some reason. Hey now, do I really need to explain myself why I didn't pick you?

“Ehehe, Nii-san, I'm the girl you're closest with, huh~” Kureha put both her hands on her cheeks, and smiled innocently.

Yeah, we really are close. We've known each other for more than ten years now. Although I'm pretty much just your punching bag.

“...Jeez.”

Anyway, this concludes the three-legged bread-snatching scavenger hunt race. It had a lot of ups and downs, but I at least managed to stay conscious until the very end.

“Ahh, what a blunder. So you ended up winning the preamble.”

As I was undoing the band tying my leg to Konoe’s, Schrö-senpai approached me. It seems like they used a different item and finished the race themselves.

“But, I’m not losing the special event, okay. You better be ready.”

“...Just what I wanted to hear.” I showed as much hostility as I could.

As long as we don’t win during the special event later, there’s no meaning to winning in the first place. For that, I practiced a lot after all.

“Ah, also...” Schrö-senpai suddenly whispered into my ear. “Right after lunch break starts, come to the infirmary. Of course, completely alone without anybody seeing you.”

“...Huh?” I froze up because of this sudden request.

However, I wasn’t given time to return a question, as Schrö-senpai walked away with a nonchalant ‘See ya!’.

“...Jirou? Did she tell you something just now?” Konoe called out to me.

“This will conclude the morning program of the sports festival. After a brief lunch break, we’ll move on with the program for the afternoon.”

A broadcast started playing, so I could only respond with ‘No, nothing...’ and looked away. I feel like that was the better choice just now.

“.....”

At least the morning was over. However, because of the typhoon approaching, the sky slowly turned grey, and cloud formations

started to build up.

♀ × ♂

“Yo, been waiting for ya!”

The second I opened up the door of the infirmary, an anime voice greeted me. Sitting on a chair, Schrö-senpai...wait, is that a multi-layered lunch box?

“Yo, let’s eat lunch together. You haven’t had anything yet, right? I made some lunch for us.”

“.....”

Weird. Her attitude is completely different from before. Is she trying to poison me? Maybe there’s a weapon inside the box.

“? Are you being cautious of me or something?”

“...Well, of course.”

“Don’t worry, don’t worry, I’m not gonna do anything. Come on over here, pss pss pss...” Schrö-senpai treated me like a stray cat as she called me over, clicking her tongue.

I’m not even a human being in her eyes?

“Sheesh, what’s going on? A cute girl is calling you over, so stop being scared.”

“Just to let you know, but I don’t think a so-called cute girl would half-destroy a classroom.”

“Eh...r-really? But...my name is pretty cute, right?”

“You think your own name is cute!?”

It’s Narumi Schrödinger, you know!? How would you even think about that!?

“N-No way, it’s not cute at all?”

“Of course. How did you even get the name Schrödinger.”

“That’s...the name my father came up with...”

“...So, is your father German? That name sounds like it has a German heritage, right?”

“No, he’s a proper native Japanese.”

“Then why Schrödinger!?”

“Urk...Well, my old man is a bit weird, okay.” Schrö-senpai started sulking for some reason.

Oh yeah, her father was the president of the manufacturer who produced all these Silent Sheep, right. It makes sense that his personality would be a bit over the rainbow.

“Uuu...How dare you make fun of my name...”

“Wah, don’t just start crying! That makes it seem like I’m the bad guy!”

“But...but...waaaaah!”

“Ahh, don’t cry!”

“I’ll sue you! I’ll report you, saying ‘This Onii-chan hurt me!’, just you wait!”

“I get it already! I’ll come eat lunch with you so stop crying!” When I screamed these words, Schrö-senpai wiped her tears away with a weeping ‘...Really?’ for no reason.

...What is this. Why’s she suddenly so adorable? Because of her small stature, as long as you ignore her endless strength and violent tendencies, she’s almost like a doll. Of course, I’m definitely not a lolicon.

“Alright, then come over here! It’s food time!”

“You’re quick to get back on your feet, huh...” I commented, and sat

down on the chair next to the desk.

“Fufu, don’t fall off your chair! I brought some special lunch with me today!”

“I can tell as much.”

It’s a multi-layered box. Not to mention the same one Nakuru brought with her during that date last summer break. Maybe she’s as good at cooking as her little sister? I mean, look at those four layers. When Schrö-senpai opened the first layer, I was greeted by cream puffs. The second layer offered...cream puffs. So did the third layer... and the fourth layer...

“...It’s all cream puffs!?”

“Always has been~ I just love them, you know.” Schrö-senpai smiled innocently, and bit into a cream puff, her cheeks filling with cream.

Hmmm, she really doesn’t look like a high school girl.

“What’s wrong, are you not going to eat?”

“I mean, I am hungry, but...why are you doing this?”

“Because I love cream puffs.”

“That’s not what I meant! I fully get how much you love cream puffs!”

“Name’s Narumi Schrödinger, I love cats and cream puffs.”

“Cats!?”

“Don’t get the wrong idea, I’m not eating them. I love cats because they’re cute. We’re having the cat in a bowl trend right now, but I’m waiting for the cat in a lunch box boom.”

“I really doubt that kind of boom will come soon...But, leaving that aside. I was wondering why you called me here.”

“It’s not that weird, is it?”

"It sure is. You treated me like your archnemesis. Also while I'm at it, but I didn't actually do anything to your little sister."

"Yup, I know that."

"...What?"

She...knows? Why did she suddenly agree to that? I can't follow. If she knew about the truth, why was she so dead-set on fighting me?

"The thing is, Sakamachi Kinjiro." Schrö-senpai licked her lips, and continued talking. "To be honest, when I punched you in that classroom, I somewhat understood that you didn't do anything to my little sister."

"Wha..."

Why? Before I could ask that question, Schrö-senpai laughed like a detective that had just seen through the case.

"I mean, you totally seem like some chicken bastard."

"!"

"That's what I thought the first time I saw you. You didn't feel like the type of guy who would lay their hands on a girl without their consent."

"....."

"Well, that was just my intuition working. And? Was I right?"

"...H-Haha, I wonder..." I answered awkwardly, but sweat already started building on my cheek.

Narumi Schrödinger is a terrifying person. Is this the intuition of a wild beast? I didn't expect her to catch on to my disposition just like this. Then again, she doesn't know about my gynophobia, I bet.

"..."

But, why? Why did she attack me despite knowing that I didn't do

anything?

“...Sorry about that.” There, Schrö-senpai suddenly gave me an odd apology. “It was...all for Nakuru’s sake.”

“Nakuru’s sake?”

“Yeah. You might have already realized, but we’re not necessarily close. Or rather, she’s bad at dealing with me.”

“Well, I could sort of see that in her attitude.”

“I know it’s not exactly something I should say, but I’m fairly talented at sports, and I have pretty good grades, as a secret between us. Because of that, she’s always been raised in comparison to me, ever since she was a small child. Constantly being made fun of, bullied, you know the drill.”

“.....”

Well, I get what she’s talking about. With good senses like that, and a clever head, she’s also pretty popular looking at the audience’s reaction just now. If I had to guess, Nakuru grew up while always looking at Schrö-senpai. Of course, all the while being compared to her.

“See, this is what I’m like. Hearing that my little sister is getting bullied, I couldn’t sit still, and beat up everybody involved. I tried to be a reliable older sister, and tell her that I’d protect her, but...that only weighed down on her more it seems.” Schrö-senpai said, as she sighed.

“Basically...it’s a complex?”

A complex to herself because of the talented older sister she has. It’s not like Nakuru is particularly inferior to anybody, but she also can’t exactly compete with someone like Senpai. I can understand what she’s going through, I can’t compare to my little sister and her athletic talent.

“You never thought it was weird? She was using very formal language with me. Even though we’re blood-related sisters.”

“.....”

“She’s probably adapted to the thought that she can’t win against me. That’s why she always feels apologetic in any given situation. She feels pathetic because she can’t compare. Thinking that on top of being inferior, she even has to be protected....and all that.”

“.....”

“But, we can’t keep going like this. At this rate, she’ll never be confident, always thinking that she’s inferior to me, as she lives her own life. I don’t want that. I don’t want this kind of life for my little sister. Not to mention...”

“...Not to mention?”

“No, forget about that. To put it simply, I want Nakuru to grow. Of course, not in the physical way.”

“I knew that.”

“Not her breasts either, okay?”

“I said I knew that!”

She sure is obstinate about this. Does she have a complex about her loli appearance by any chance?

“Well, that’s basically why.” She let out a sigh, and looked at me. “I know I’m being selfish here, but I want your help.”

“...Help?”

What’s this about? How would me and Schrö-senpai fighting be of help for Nakuru?

“Fufufu, don’t you worry, I’m not asking you to help me for free!”

She fully ignored me being lost in thought, walked towards one of the beds in the infirmary, and pointed at the curtains that were currently closed.

“Now, open it up. You’ll be surprised.”

“.....?” I tilted my head in confusion, and opened up the white curtains.

Is she offering me some reward or something? Is it going to be more cream puffs...?—As it turns out, they were not cream puffs. It was Usami Masamune in her nurse uniform, tied up with a rope.

“.....” I was too baffled to even react.

Masamune must have realized that we opened the curtains, as she looked at me with tears in her eyes. However, she could not tell me anything because her mouth was gagged.....Usamin looked at you like she wanted to become your ally. Will you make her your ally?

“.....”

For now, I acted like I didn’t see anything, and closed the curtains again. I heard some faint ‘Mghhhh!’ from across the fabric, but I decided to ignore that while being terrified.

“Big surprise, right?” Schrö-senpai let out an innocent laugh.

Well, you really did surprise me, alright...

“Schrö-senpai, I have one question.”

“Hm? What is it?”

“What exactly is this about?” I pointed at the bed that continued to shake.

“Hmmm.” Schrö-senpai thought about it for a moment. “Did that make you happy?”

“Like hell it did! You really thought that would make me happy!?”

“I mean, it’s a tied-up nurse, right?”

“Don’t give me that! Why are you tying up a nurse!”

“It’s an early present from Santa Schrödinger.”

“I’d just wake up with a trauma if you put that below my pillow!”

That’s a nightmarish present. Is she involved in human trafficking? I feel Suzutsuki did something similar to Konoe before. I opened up the curtain again, and freed Masamune from her predicament. In doing so, she coughed a few times, and then glared at me.

“Stupid chicken! Why did you close the curtains!?”

“Well, I just needed to process that.”

“Do that after saving me!”

“Sorry, sorry. Also, why are you even here?”

“Like hell I know! When I came here after the three-legged race to bring some more stuff to the medic care tent, the club vice president called out to me, and then...!” Masamune bit her lip.

I see, so she was captured and tied up, huh.

“Now now, Usamin, don’t be so angry. Here, have a cream puff.” Schrö-senpai flashed an innocent smile, and gave Masamune a cream puff.

However, Masamune just averted her face with a pout.

“I don’t want that. Why did you even tie me up?”

“Hmm, don’t be so angry, I actually wanted your help with something.”

“My help?” Masamune was confused, to which Schrö-senpai grinned.

“I want Sakamachi Kinjirou to help me, so ask him in my stead.”

“Huh!? Why would I do that! Why do I have to ask that stupid chicken so that he helps you!?”

“Ah, you don’t remember? Didn’t you say you’d listen to whatever I say after losing against me?”

“Urk...you’re right about that...” Masamune let out a defeated sigh.

Did they have a battle behind the scenes?

“You seem like you’re confused, so let me tell you. When she was a first-year, she picked a fight with me.”

“Why a fight?”

“She learned of the handicraft club’s activities, and got angry. Apparently she wanted to join a normal club. I told her to just join, but the anger got the better of her, and she attacked me.”

“.....”

“So, just having a brawl would be boring, which is why we added the condition that the loser has to listen to whatever the winner has to say. Naturally, I won by a landslide.” Schrö-senpai puffed out her chest in pride.

I see, that’s why Masamune ended up under Schrö-senpai. Now I also get why she joined the handicrafts club. Though it’s a bit surprising to hear that she wanted to join a normal club.

“You really went and picked a fight with her, huh.”

“C-Can you blame me? She doesn’t look strong at all.”

“Ahh, well, judging from her looks.”

She looks like a grade school girl after all, and since Masamune was in a karate club before, she probably didn’t think she would lose like that.

“But, that’s where all the misfortune started...Ever since then, I couldn’t quit the handicrafts club...”

“Ahaha! Maybe ‘cause it’s fun? We also do some handicraft work from time to time.”

“You need to emphasize that from time to time, okay.” Masamune dropped her shoulders with a melancholic sigh, whereas Schrö-senpai just laughed with all her heart.

Hmm, looking at them like this, they seem like a good combination.

“Not to mention that we’re good friends right, Usamin. We went shopping together before.”

“Wah...vice club president!”

For some reason, Masamune started panicking because of Schrö-senpai’s words. What’s this?

“Schrö-senpai, what did you buy together?”

“Wha...Stupid chicken! You shut up for now!”

“Come on, Usamin. It’s not that big of a deal~” Schrö-senpai grinned for a moment, and continued. “We bought underwear.”

“...Excuse me?”

“Did you not hear me? We bought underwear. Lingerie, you feel me. Usamin wanted some cute stuff, so I helped her pick.”

“V-Vice president!” Masamune panicked even more.

Judging from that reaction, what Schrö-senpai said seems to be true. But...underwear? Didn’t she clearly choose the wrong person for that? Why would Masamune ask Schrö-senpai? I feel like anybody else would have been better...

“Hey, Sakamachi Kinjiro, why are you looking so confused? I have quite mature interests, you know.”

“M-Mature...”

“Put frankly, black.”

“Black!?”

“Hm...Why are you having trouble believing me? Would you like to confirm?”

“Wah!? Why are you talking off your spats!?”

“Ahaha, don’t take everything so seriously, I was joking. Well, I was telling the truth regarding the color though.” With her spats lowered to her knees, Schrödinger-san flapped her jersey sleeves up and down.

I-I don’t believe it. This loli is wearing black underwear...I can’t imagine that at all. Though, it might actually work well as a gap...

“You should have bought some more mature underwear too, Usamin.”

“No thanks. The ones you recommended to me are way too flashy. You should just wear child’s underwear too.”

“S-Shut up! Do you have a problem with my fashion sense!?”

“I sure do. You’re a child, so even if you wear mature underwear, you’re still just a small brat. Not to mention that for now...”

“Waaaaaah! Shut up! I forbid you to speak any further! If not, I’ll reveal your new underwear right here!”

“Ah, wha, what are you doing!?”

Schrö-senpai suddenly grabbed Masamune’s skirt, who was desperately trying to protect it. What did she mean by ‘For now?’. I was curious, but I feel like I shouldn’t be asking right now. Everybody has some secrets they don’t want other people to find out after all. It must be something like that. Look at Schrö-senpai panicking too.

“Okay, I get it! I won’t say that anymore! I’ll keep your secret locked up inside my chest, so you let go of my skirt already!” Masamune immediately gave up, and surrendered.

Hearing this, Schrö-senpai let out an awkward ‘R-Really?’, and removed her hands from Masamune’s skirt.

“I won’t forgive you if you’re lying. I’ll tell him about the underwear and the color you bought before.”

“Don’t threaten me like that...Also, didn’t you bring me here so that I

could persuade the stupid chicken?”

“Ah, right.”

“You forgot!? Also, why did you even choose me for that?”

Masamune showed a dubious expression.

Oh yeah. Why did it have to be Masamune for that? Both she and I were confused, waiting for Schrö-senpai’s response.

“Eh? I mean...” She showed a somewhat nonchalant attitude.

“Usamin’s Sakamachi Kinjirou’s type, right.”

“Huuh!?” I let out a roar in bewilderment.

Eh? The hell is up with that? Why would Masamune be up my alley? Where did she get that information from...

“Kureha told me. ‘Nii-san likes tsunderes, you know’, see.”

“Don’t just believe everything she says!”

“Eh? So she’s wrong?”

“Well, that’s...”

“Hmmm? So she’s not wrong~?”

“...!”

That damn Kureha. She must have used the porn magazines in my room as reference. One of them was some magazine with a stupid title like ‘Tsunidere Ratio 8:2...No, 9:1! The golden ratio!’, but why is she telling other people about this...!

“S-Stupid chicken...Y-Y-Y-You...”

Most terrifying of all is the single girl standing next to me. Her nasty rabbit attitude had vanished elsewhere, as she instead looked at me in shock.

“C-Calm down, Masamune!”

“But...I’m your type...?”

“Kureha just talked some nonsense there!”

“...Eh? Really?”

“Yeah, it’s not true at all!”

“...Really?”

“Of course! I wouldn’t go back on my word like this!”

“.....Then, tell me. What kind of girl is your type?”

“Why are you suddenly asking me that!?”

What kind of jump in topic is that!? Not to mention that Schrö-senpai jumped in, saying ‘Ohh, that sounds interesting’...Yeah, this is bad. I need to change the topic immediately!

“A-Anyway, leaving that aside! You called me and Masamune here because you wanted my help, right? Then, let’s talk things out. I’ll help you, alright.” I forcefully changed the topic.

“Eh, really?” Schrö-senpai bit on to my words.

...Thank god it worked. I seem to have succeeded in hiding my interests in tastes for now.

“...Mmm.”

However, Masamune was clearly pouting, bothered by this. Why are you looking like this? What do you gain from learning about my tastes?

“So, Schrö-senpai, what should I do?”

Anything is fine, just get me away from this previous topic. Those were my thoughts when I asked that.

“Hmm, then answer me one question.”

“A question?”

“That’s right. It’s a simple question, so be honest with me, Sakamachi Kinjiro.” There, she spoke with an oddly serious tone, and continued. “Do you have a girl you like right now?”

“.....”

...Was that just my imagination? I feel like we jumped over several steps there. Even Masamune was looking at Schrö-senpai in shock.

“Now, be honest and tell me. Love talk time. We’re high school students, so everybody has a person they set their eyes on, right?”

“U-Um...”

“Why are you hesitating like that? Ah, is what Nakuru is writing in these novels actually...”

“No! Absolutely not! I like girls, okay!”

“Then why? Did yours rot off already?”

“Don’t say terrifying nonsense like that!”

I’m not even in my twenties, I have plenty of lust and desires inside of me. But, with my gynophobia, I just can’t fall in love with another girl. That’s the big premise inside of me. First comes fixing, and then I can think about love.

“Hmm, I’ll just take it that you’re not particularly interested in anybody.”

“W-Well, I guess.”

“I see. Then, no problems there.”

“.....?”

I failed to grasp what she was talking about. Why are there no problems? Oh yeah, she was oddly interested in my relationship with girls back during the three-legged race...

“Listen well, Sakamachi Kinjiro. What I’m about to say comes from

my intuition as an older sister.” Schrödinger-san calmly continued.
“My little sister, Narumi Nakuru, has probably fallen for you.”

Chapter 4: VS Complex

“Now then, this concludes the program of the afternoon. What follows next is the special event—the Aquatic Deathmatch.” As the sky was colored dark grey, Suzutsuki’s announcement filled the air.

We were located at the pool belonging to Rouran Academy. In the center of the pool was—a floating island. Indeed, it’s the same thing you’d see on late-night idol TV shows, where they fight there wearing only swimsuits. According to Schrö-senpai, this event is used to determine the strongest at the academy.

“As for the rules, two people will stand on top of the floating island, and try to push the other person off. Since there are four participants, we’ll be doing semi-final battles and the final battle. As for the pairings, we’ve already decided them with a lottery on our end.” Suzutsuki announced with a calm voice.

Not like we have much time anyway. This event was decided on by Schrö-senpai from what I’ve heard, and the students around were clearly looking forward to this. Well, they must be liking this kind of stuff. Not to mention...

“Now, the first battle of the semi-finals is starting! Come here, Subaru-sama, I’m fully prepared!”

The person most excited about this was none other than the president of the sports festival execution committee, Schrö-senpai. The very first match of this event was between Narumi Schrödinger and Konoe Subaru. She seemed to be very excited, and swiftly changed into her swimsuit, but...

“What’s that swimsuit about?” I asked Schrö-senpai standing next to me.

After all, she was wearing a school swimsuit. Not to mention a fairly old-fashioned one, with a navy blue color and a sticker with her name on the front. Can’t even forget about the red backpack she carried.

“I-I had no choice in this. She forced me to wear this...”

“She?”

“Our club president.”

“Ah, the other third-year, is it. But, what about that backpack?”

“This is a handicap. I’m the only one who knew about the contents of this special event after all, so it wouldn’t be fair otherwise.”

“A handicap...”

“By the way, this backpack is filled with weights that equal up to 10kg.” She said with a confident grin.

I see, so unlike us and our freedom, she’s weighing herself down. Also, who even is that club president? A school swimsuit with a grade schooler’s backpack? She’s got good taste. This kind of combination really emphasises Schrö-senpai’s loli attributes.

“More importantly, you know what we’re doing right, Sakamachi Kinjiro.” Schrö-senpai glared up at me.

“I know, I know...” I returned a half-baked response, and turned towards the audience, where I spotted a familiar cat-eared silhouette, belonging to Narumi Nakuru.

“...Jeez.”

...You know, it still doesn’t make much sense to me. Why would that glasses junkie be interested in me?

♀ × ♂

“...What?” I stood frozen in the infirmary.

Hearing Schrö-senpai’s baffling words, I didn’t know how to respond. Even Masamune looked like her heart just stopped beating, her face pale. I mean, can you blame us? That glasses junkie has supposedly fallen for me? Where did that even come from? I don’t remember doing anything that would warrant that.

“It’s true. As proof of that, Nakuru’s been stalking you ever since the second term started.”

“She did mention that, but...Isn’t that just so that she can gather material for her novel?”

“No, not at all. Her eyes were those of a maiden in love.”

“A maiden in love...Why do you even know about Nakuru stalking me?”

“Eh? I mean, I was stalking her.”

“What kind of wicked triangle is this!? Don’t go stalking your younger sister, will you!?”

What a dangerous older sister she is. Well, I’m partially to blame because I never realized.

“Well, leaving the stalking aside, this is pretty amazing, you know? After all, Nakuru never had any interest in anything but glasses and BL.”

“I feel like that’s quite problematic.”

“I’m sure you’re her first love.”

“That is a problem in itself...” I sighed.

Honestly speaking, I can’t believe it at all. We’re talking about Narumi Nakuru, you know? Even if she had feelings for me, what was the trigger? That date at the park? That would explain why she suddenly started acting weird. I don’t know why, but if she really fell for me because of that...

“Well, that being the case.” Schrö-senpai smiled. “Let me beat you up during the special event.”

“.....”

...Sheesh, that’s Schrödinger-san for you. She really knows how to take me by surprise.

“Ah, don’t get the wrong idea. It’s just an act.”

“Act?”

“That’s right. I’m not really a big fan of it, but it’s for my little sister, so I can’t help it~”

“Why would me losing help Nakuru in any way?”

“Calm down, I was about to explain that. Before that, one question.”

“Question?”

“What would you do if the person you liked got beat up in front of you?”

“Beat up...”

I doubt I could stay calm, alright. That would probably be any person’s reaction.

“I agree with that. And, Nakuru should be the same. If she sees the person she likes being beat up in front of her, she shouldn’t be able to remain calm. And finally, she’ll bear her fangs at me.”

“Bear her fangs...”

“Basically, that very action is the most important. Whatever the method may be, I want her to fight against me. Right now, Nakuru is under the assumption that she can’t win against me, and won’t even try anything.”

“I get the logic, but...”

She’s probably talking about that growth before? She’s aiming for Nakuru’s resistance, to muster up her courage, and face Schrö-senpai directly.

“...Stupid chicken, what will you do?” Masamune finally seemed to have revived, and commented on the situation.

I basically have two choices. Either help Schrö-senpai with her plan,

or retract my words before and deny her request for assistance.

“But, there’s just one thing.” I called out to Schrö-senpai. “From that conversation just now, you picked a fight with me and Konoe simply to accomplish your own goal.”

“Urk...D-Don’t make such a scary face...I’m not asking you to help me for free. This will leave us even for before, and I’ll even give you some cream puffs.”

“That sure is a cheap reward alright...” Or so I complained, but still accepted some cream puffs.

I don’t know if Nakuru really has feelings for me or not, but I get where Schrö-senpai is coming from. That’s why I decided to go along with her request. I know that I’m probably too naive and kind to others, but it’s fine. I understand how Nakuru feels, living with someone who greatly outpowers you.

♀ × ♂

End of flashback. After discussing everything, I decided to strip for Nakuru, and participate in the aquatic deathmatch. After drawing the lottery, the first match was decided to be between Konoe and Schrö-senpai. However, the goal of the fight changed. After all, it’s a fixed game. Even if I lose, I get no penalty whatsoever. But, we need to at least reach the finals so we can fight against each other. In order for that to happen, I need to win my own battle.

Granted, my foe hasn’t been announced yet...Wait, are there even other participants left? Even so, then they surely aren’t as bad as Kureha or Mom. All I have to achieve is to make it to the round with Schrö-senpai. Konoe has to lose against her, but...

“...Still, she sure is late.” I muttered.

Schrö-senpai has already prepared herself, and is ready to fight. However, Subaru-sama was nowhere in sight. Weird, I don’t think it would take her this long to prepare...

“Late.” Schrö-senpai must have been thinking the same thing, as she crossed her arms. “Maybe the size of the swimsuit I gave him didn’t

fit?”

“The size?”

“Yeah. This event was a surprise after all, so I gave Subaru-sama a swimsuit. From his physique, I figured it should fit him, but...”

“.....”

Hold on a second. Isn't that pretty bad? After all, Schrö-senpai doesn't know that Konoe is a girl, so of course the swimsuit she gave her was...

“Jirou-kun, there might have been some trouble happening, so could you check up on Subaru?” Suzutsuki must have guessed what I was thinking, as she gave me orders over the speakers.

I immediately dashed towards the boys changing room. If my and Suzutsuki's assumption is correct, then...

“Konoe, I'm coming in.” I spoke up when reaching the door, and turned around the doorknob without waiting for a response.

“J-Jirou!? You can't!”

Immediately after, I heard a panicked alto voice, but it was already too late. Upon stepping inside the changing room, I spotted Konoe Subaru—wearing spats. Spats made for men. This is probably the swimsuit she was given by Schrö-senpai, wearing that right now...Or rather, that's everything she was wearing.

“Don't look at me!”

“...!? S-Sorry!”

After closing the door, I turned my back towards Konoe. However, the scenery I had seen just now was burned into my eyes. She was only wearing spats, completely revealing her upper body.

“.....”

But, I didn't see anything in particular. The inside of the changing

room is fairly dim-lit, and Konoe had her back turned towards me, so all I could see was her white back.

“Why are you looking like that!?”

“Because that’s the only swimsuit I was given...What else am I supposed to do!? Also, how does this even look? I can’t go out like this, right...?”

“Of course not!?”

What if Konoe participated in the aquatic deathmatch looking like this? She’d immediately kill all the boys in the audience. Not even some AV dared to pull a stunt like this.

“W-What should I do, Jirou...”

“...Don’t worry, you just retire. You can’t fight looking like this.”

We can’t risk having people find out that she’s a girl. Thinking about it, Konoe never participated in any pool lessons, right, saying that she wasn’t feeling well. If she retired now, that would make things much easier in the greater scheme of things. That means Schrö-senpai will move on to the final round.

“That’s why, you change back.” I left these words behind, and tried to leave the room, but...

“W-Wait!”

There, someone grabbed a part of my gym clothes. I was about to turn around, and only barely stopped myself. Only Konoe could be doing this, and considering what she’s wearing, I cannot look at her. I would suffer from a nose bleed even without my gynophobia.

“Sorry, Jirou...that I couldn’t help you at all...”

“N-No, it’s fine. I’ll do something about this.”

“...Okay. Thanks.” After giving me her gratitude, Konoe grew silent.

An awkward silence reigned inside the changing room, when...

“.....Jirou.” Konoe called out to me with a voice about to disappear.
“There’s something I need to tell you...”

“Something you need to tell me?”

“Yeah. The thing is...I actually...”



Before she could finish her words, someone knocked on the door,

followed by an anime voice saying ‘Subaru-sama, you done yet?’.
Urk, of all people...

“Konoe, you hurry up and change. I’ll do something about her.”

“Ah, wait, Jirou!” Konoe spoke up again, but I ignored her and stepped outside the changing room.

Standing there was Schrödinger-san, her arms crossed.

“Huh? What about Subaru-sama?”

“He’s not feeling up to snuff right now, so he’ll be retiring from the match.”

“Ehhh, really. Boring. I thought I would get to fight Subaru-sama.”

“Wasn’t this special event for Nakuru’s sake?”

“I mean, that doesn’t change me wanting to fight him.” Schrö-senpai complained audibly.

I guess she’s the same type of person as Kureha and Mom, huh. She’s enjoying the fact of fighting so much she can’t help it. But anyway, that solves the problem of them fighting. As long as I win my fight, we both move on to the finals...

“But, are you sure?” Schrö-senpai gave me an oddly worried expression. “Because...you’ll be fighting **her**, right?”

“Her?”

“...Ah, crap. She told me not to reveal it...Well, you can tell as much by now, I guess.”

“.....?”

I didn’t understand what Schrö-senpai was talking about. From that tone of voice, I could guess that it was someone I knew, but...
Seriously, who is it?

“This is an announcement for all students. The first battle seems to

have been moved, and we will hold the second battle first.” I heard Suzutsuki’s distant voice.

Maybe they got tired of waiting, but the person I will be fighting was already standing on the floating island.....Wait hold on. What kind of joke is this?

“Now begins the second battle, a fierce and passionate sibling bout.” Suzutsuki-san explained with a joyful voice.

Tracing her gaze, I spotted my foe on the floating island, waving her hand at me with a cheerful ‘Nii-san!’. It was Kureha, naturally wearing a school swimsuit.

♀ × ♂

“Jirou, you okay?”

After I changed into the swimsuit given to me, Konoe suddenly called my name with an anxious tone in her voice.

“...About that?”

“I mean, your face is pale. You look like a criminal about to be executed.”

“Konoe, don’t give examples that aren’t helping.”

I can’t laugh at that. It’s all too similar after all. The second battle of the Aquatic Deathmatch consisted of Sakamachi Kinjirou vs Sakamachi Kureha. It truly is the worst possible match-up. Why do I have to be tortured by her even at school? This is like I went to Savannah and searched for a lion so that they could kill me.

“Nii-san, hurry up!” Kureha apparently couldn’t wait anymore, as she did stretches on the floating island.

According to Kureha, she apparently kept the fact of us fighting a secret, and I have to agree, that was one hell of a surprise. It was honestly bad for my heart. After all, we’re talking about Kureha, one of the reasons for my gynophobia. I may be practicing with Kureha at home from time to time, but she still is terrifying.

Not to mention that this isn't some practice match, but an actual battle. She's not the type of person who holds back. Because of that, I was often sent to the hospital when I was younger. That's why I'd really love to retire from this battle, but...

"...Senpai." I heard a worried voice.

Turning towards the source, I saw Nakuru looked at me with an apologetic expression.

"Sorry, Senpai. Because of Nakuru, you have to fight Kureha-chan..."

"Don't worry about it. What's done can't be undone."

"But..."

"No worries. It's not like I've lost already, right?"

Inside, I was absolutely terrified, but I tried to give her as best of a reassuring smile as I could.

"R-Right...Do your best, Senpai." Nakuru nodded.

Yeah, her attitude towards me definitely is different compared to before...Normally she'd only care about glasses and BL...Is what Schrö-senpai said really true?

"But, this is quite the shame." Nakuru spoke up.

"What is?"

"Subaru-sama already retired, so Nakuru won't be able to see Senpai vs Subaru-sama in the final battle, which would have been something like a dream scenario for her. Just imagining you being forced to fight despite feeling passionate love for each other...Battle and love...and glasses. Ahh, what a BL development...!"

With no hesitation, I kicked Nakuru into the pool. Yeah, Schrö-senpai definitely is wrong here. There's no way she would have the hots for me.

"Uuuu...how cruel!" Nakuru climbed up the poolside while

grumbling. “What if Nakuru drowned, Senpai?”

“The pool isn’t that deep, alright.”

It’s 150cm at most, it’s hard to drown in there. Also, because of your wet clothes, I can perfectly see your cute underwear, but I’ll just ignore that. All I’ll think about this is the fact that her physique is completely different from her older sister’s, but I need to focus on the battle now. I need to pass the ladder in order to reach the floating island in the middle of the pool.

This island amasses around seven meters in radius. Because of the ropes located in the depths of the pool, the island wasn’t washed away in the waves of the pool. The material it was made out of...was comparable to a swimming board you’d give a swimming beginner.

When I reached the floating island, the bridge was removed, and I was left on the island. Hm, this is smaller than expected. Not to mention that the island was still shaking, leaving my foothold uneasy. Even after being raised in this kind of family, I’m not used to a situation like this. Not to mention that the wind was starting to kick up, rain pouring down on the pool.

“Now then, let me explain the rules. No poking eyes, no attacks on vital spots or other dangerous actions. Any other actions are fundamentally okay. The winner will be the one who pushes the other person off the island, or makes them surrender.” An indifferent announcement rang out.

She was explaining it with a calm face, but what she’s saying is mighty dangerous. Basically, everything goes, huh. Thanks to that, the students watching were getting even more excited. If you’re all so motivated, then why won’t somebody switch with me?

“Nyahaha. Let’s have a good battle, Nii-san.”

That’s my loli little sister for you, the school swimsuit looked perfect on her, just like with Schrö-senpai. But, you shall not be deceived. Despite her physique, she’s an ace at fighting. She might look cute and adorable, but she’s stronger than a black Asian bear.

“...Jeez.”

Well, no other choice but to do it, huh. Panicking endlessly won't do me any good. I really don't want to fight, but I can't just leave, and losing is not on the menu. That's right, this is all for Nakuru's sake.

“So then, let us start the second battle of this sports festival's special event—the Aquatic Deathmatch. Ready, and...”

Gong! A loud gonging sound followed, probably generated from the gong they borrowed from the pro-wrestling club. And with this dull tone—the harsh battle began.

“Alrighty, here I come, Nii-san.”

It was an immediate attack with the gong. Kureha started dashing the second she received the signal.

“...!?”

She attacked me with a jump kick from a full sprint. With a hair's width, I managed to dodge. That's Kureha for you, she does not hold back at all. She was trying to end this in one go.

“Ahh, I failed~” Kureha landed safely on both her feet.

The impact of her landing made the floating island shake. Tsk, as expected, this place isn't secure at all. No other choice but to throw her off at once. For starters, I'll divert her attention with a talk.

“You sure are excited for this, Kureha. Got any particular reason?”

“Eh, what are you talking about? This is a real battle, not some sparring match at home. The rules are different, right?”

“Rules?”

“Yup. Didn't we always use these rules before when fighting as a family?”

“.....”

What is she talking about? Our family's rules...So she's probably talking about the times we went around crushing other dojos? I feel like we received the enemy's uniforms as a prize, but...is she...

"Basically, the loser has to hand over their swimsuit."

"I don't want that!?"

"How rude! You're not interested in my swimsuit!?"

"I wouldn't even know what to do with it!"

"Hang it up in your room?"

"I could never invite anybody to my room again!"

Ah, wait! I was trying to confuse her, but now I'm the one being thrown around in the conversation! But, that's definitely not a thing I can allow. With so many people watching, I can't just accept my little sister's swimsuit. Just imagining it gives me the shivers. I won't be getting off with just being a siscon.

"But, you're a siscon right, Nii-san?"

"Where did that even come from?"

"A little sister is always a princess."

"I really wouldn't want such a Sister Princess."

There was an anime¹ that featured twelve little sisters, but I was too terrified to watch that. We're talking about twelve, you know. Imagine Kureha times 12, the world would end.

"Well, leaving that aside. We're having a proper match now, so let's enjoy it!" Together with this declaration, Kureha closed the distance between us.

This damn battle fetishist. I reflexively pushed out my first, but...

"Nyahaha!" I heard a laughing voice full of relaxation and confidence.

Kureha easily caught the fist I directed at her, and jumped at my body like a snake to restrain my legs...This position is!?

“A triangle choke!?”

When I realized, it was too late. Kureha’s slender legs wrapped around my neck, as she restrained all my movement, choking me. It was a perfect submission. At this rate, she’ll choke me out of my consciousness entirely...!

“Huh? Nii-san, are you done already?”

“Ugh...!”

This is bad. The choke and my gynophobia made my field of view shake. That being said, because of my right arm being in a lock thanks to Kureha, only my right arm was free to use. All other movement was sealed off. Damn it, my consciousness is...

“You can give up, you know? Then I can fight the vice club prez. Just between us, but I was waiting to fight her again~” Kureha muttered as she put more strength into her legs.

...Shit, I’m so pathetic. Can I really not win against her?

“...D-Don’t joke with me.” I told myself.

Is there...no method? At this rate, I’ll be thrown off the ring. I need to get out of this, but all I can use is one arm...

“...!?”

My gynophobia had my consciousness cut out for a moment. Think, Jirou, think. I need to win for her sake, for Narumi Nakuru. Even if she’s a glasses junkie, she still is a girl. And, I wholeheartedly understand what it feels to have a complex directed at someone from your family. That’s right, for her sake, I can’t...

“.....!”

There, a chance popped up in my mind. The hint was Narumi Nakuru. During the battle royale held at the summer festival, she

won against Kureha. Remember, what method did she use...

“Hanya!?”

I used my right arm to act...and Kureha's body reacted as expected. That's right, she's ticklish. I don't feel great using such a weakling's tactic, but that's all I could think of to make Kureha let go of me. Because of my gynophobia, I also can't tickle her forever, so I need to finish

“N-Nii-san?”

The triangle choke softened up, which allowed me to mount Kureha, who gave me a terrified look.

“...Forgive me, my little sister.”

I definitely can't afford to lose this battle.

“Nyaaaaaaaaah!?”



When I tickled Kureha's sides, she let out a shriek. Damn, this works much better than I thought. Also, what is this sensation...I've been tortured for the past ten years, treated like a punching bag, and now I was triumphing over Kureha. What should I do, this is actually pretty fun.

"N-Nyahaha! N-Nii-san, stop it!"

“What’s wrong, Kureha? Here, tickle tickle tickle!”

“Ahahaha, no, don’t, nyahaha!”

“Just give up already. It’ll make things easier for you.”

“Nyahaha! I wouldn’t give up just because of a bit of hahahaha!”

“Really now? Guess I gotta tickle you some more.”

“Nya!?”

“Here, tickle tickle tickle tickle.”

“Nyahahahaha! I give up! I give up! I’ll drop out, so please spare me, Nii-san!”

“Alrigho, Kureha. Rest assured, I’ll make you feel better real soon.”

“...!? Deviant! You’re a devil, Nii-san!”

“Here here here and here! This is my share! This is also my share! This too, this as well! This is payback for all these years!!”

“Nyaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!?”

I was letting out all the resentment stored up over the past few years. After this relentless tickling attack, the school swimsuit Kureha stopped moving. It seems like she passed out.

“...Phew.”

...I won. It was not exactly the way I wanted it to be, but I definitely managed to beat Kureha. For the first time in ten years, I won. It doesn’t feel like much of an accomplishment, but I don’t care. Victory is everything, and I don’t care what kind of fiendish method I have to use...

“...The worst.”

Suddenly, I heard someone from the audience mutter these words. As if that broke the dam...

“How cruel, doing something like that to a screaming girl...”

“What did he even do?”

“Don’t tell me...something lewd?”

“Eh, but they’re siblings, right!?”

And so on, most of them being comments from the girls in the audience...This is bad. I don’t know why, but they seem to have a terrible misunderstanding for some reason.

“Y-You’re wrong! I wasn’t doing anything weird!” I screamed towards the crowd, like I was trying to convince the jury at a court trial.

However, immediate responses came back such as ‘You siscon bastard!’, ‘Look at her body...he might even be a lolicon!’, ‘Maybe both?’, all of the voices coming from the guys. Not good, I need to give quick proof of my innocence.

“Kureha! Wake up!” I slapped my little sister’s cheeks, all so that she would wake up.

“Ah...Nya? Nii-san?”

“Ohh! You’re awake! Please, tell the people!”

“Tell the people...?” Kureha groaned, and her face suddenly started to grow red. “I see...I was turned into damaged goods by Nii-san...”

Um, Kureha-san? Why are you speaking words that are easily misinterpreted?

“Uuuu...how cruel...I didn’t think you were this much of a deviant.”

“Stop joking around! I was just tickling you!”

“But, the wounds on my body...”

“That’s what you meant by damaged goods!?”

“Not to mention that you made me say something embarrassing like that...”

“You only said ‘I give up’, right!?”

“I was sullied...By Nii-san of all people...”

“Stop saying nonsense that’ll make the misunderstanding even worse!”

The only thing sullied here was our score, right! Also, was losing against me that much of a shock!?

“This concludes the match. Whatever the method may have been, the opponent has announced their surrender, which makes Sakamachi Kinjirou the winner. Now then, let’s have a brief break before the final battle, so all participants please leave the area.” Suzutsuki’s announcement officially ended this round.

With the ladder provided to me, I returned back to the poolside. Urk, all the gazes around me are hurting...On top of being accused of being gay, now they think I’m a sicon and even lolicon...Well, they say that people’s rumours vanish after 75 days, so I can only put faith in this belief...For now, I decided to head back to the empty mens changing room. With the interval happening, I can gather my thoughts here.

My next opponent is Schrö-senpai. I just have to do it as we discussed in the infirmary, and give up at a random point. Or, I can accidentally fall into the pool too...

“—Senpai, can Nakuru come in?”

There, someone suddenly knocked on the door, and I heard a mature voice.

“Yeah,” I gave a brief response, to which Nakuru carefully entered the room. “What’s wrong?” I asked.

This men’s changing allows no entry for girls. So, I figured she must have some important business with me.

“Um, there is something Nakuru wanted to say after your fight with Kureha-chan.”

“.....”

Crap, did she get the wrong idea and now sees me as a siscon?

“But, before that, please have a look at this.”

“Huh?”

I was confused as to what Nakuru wanted from me, only to be utterly baffled a second later. She wore half pants as part of her gym clothes. However, she pulled them off in a moment alone.

“Y-You! Why are you stripping like that!?”

I knew I shouldn't be looking, but my eyes wouldn't listen to me. Her squishy thighs had my gaze glued to them. Following that came a triangle shape, colored in navy blue. This fabric looked so familiar... Hm? Wait, is this...

“It's fine, this is a school swimsuit. Nakuru changed into it before.” Nakuru flipped up her shirt to show the swimsuit in its entirety.

Judging from the design, it was the same type Schrö-senpai and Kureha wore before. But, why is she...?

“Senpai, won't you listen to Nakuru's request?”

“Request?”

“Yes.” Nakuru nodded, as she put her hands together in front of her chest like she was praying. “Won't you let Nakuru fight—Onee-chan?”

♀ × ♂

“I have a bit of information to share with everyone. The winner of the previous battle was indeed participant Sakamachi, but he has retired because of him not feeling too well. That being the case, we have decided on a member change, with Rouran Academy first-year Narumi Nakuru taking over in the final battle.” Suzutsuki explained the circumstances with an announcement.

The wind hadn't weakened at all, as the rain kept on pouring down on the pool. In the midst of the pool, atop the floating island were two silhouettes—Narumi Schrödinger versus Narumi Nakuru. It was a battle of the handicrafts club's strongest top rank and second rank. Nobody had expected this battle between sisters, held in the middle of the storm.

“Jirou, are you really sure about this?”

Our surroundings resembled a factory with the rain pouring down on the poolside, as Konoe asked me these words.

“I don't want to talk her down or anything, but I can't see her winning this battle. Why did you agree to this...?”

“Nakuru herself asked for this, so how could I say no.”

“Hmpf, I don't get it. After all, it's her own older sister. From how I see it, Nakuru-chan is bad with Narumi-senpai as well, right?”

“...Even so, there was no choice for me to decline.”

After what she told me, you know.

‘Won't you let Nakuru fight—Onee-chan?’

I remembered the words she told me in the men's changing room just now. I don't know why she would say that, but her gaze was serious. Also, this was what Schrö-senpai wished for from the very beginning. Namely, she wanted Nakuru to stand her own ground, and face someone she thought she had no way of defeating. She'll grow through that, surely.

“Heh, didn't think you'd come to fight me instead, Nakuru.”

“...Onee-chan.”

The floating island shook because of the wind, as the sisters were exchanging a few words.

“Tell me, why did you decide to fight me?”

“That’s...because Nakuru saw Senpai fight Kureha-chan with all his might...and even win...”

“Hmm, so you’re being influenced. Maybe because you realized that you held a similar complex like him?”

“N-Nakuru doesn’t have a complex about Onee-chan or anything.”

“Then why are you always using such polite language with me?”

“T-That’s...” Nakuru showed a troubled expression, and grew silent.

In the previous battle, I won against Kureha. It wasn’t exactly the most prideful way of winning, but I still managed to beat an opponent that practically bullied me for the past ten years and more. I basically stood tall against my own complex. Just as much as I held sympathy towards Nakuru being scared of Schrö-senpai, Nakuru might have held sympathy for my fear of Kureha.

There’s a difference between little and older sister, but it still is a level of sympathy we reached at the end of it all. And, I showed Nakuru that I could win against Kureha. That’s why she maybe thought she could stand against her complex, fight against the person that induced this complex.

“Just to let you know, but I’m not going easy on you.” Schrö-senpai spoke with a cold tone towards her quivering little sister. “Doesn’t matter if we’re blood-related. Now that we’re fighting, I’m not holding back. That would just be rude for you otherwise right, my little sister.”

“O-Onee-chan...” Nakuru’s body shook even more.

It probably isn’t because of her wearing a swimsuit in the midst of this storm. It was mostly likely fear that filled her upon facing her own complex. But, just shaking all the time won’t change anything. After all, she decided to fight. She chose to take my spot and stand on the stage. That’s why, there’s no going back anymore. No matter what the result may be.

“Now then, let’s start the final battle of this sports festival special event, the Aquatic Deathmatch...Ready, set...”

Gong! A dull sound rang out, and the first one to move was Schrö-senpai after all. She lined up a large kick despite her small stature. The first one to strike wins. Almost as if these words were the meaning behind this attack, a leg came down soaring at Nakuru...

“...!?”

The floating island shook. It was a beautiful axe kick, with a vague breathing technique and form, but still perfectly executed. That's Schrödinger-san for you, she really is the strongest of this school. Power and speed, these two stats alone had Schrö-senpai's attack leave a crater in the foam. That's right, it didn't hit Nakuru. Or rather, it was missed on purpose.

“W-Wahh...” Nakuru sank down on the floating island.

I can't blame her, the axe kick slammed into the ground right next to her. However, that wasn't the problem. What was most concerning is that Nakuru didn't even try to evade that attack. She simply couldn't.

“Hey now, what's wrong? The next one isn't going to miss.” Schrö-senpai spoke with leisure in her voice, as the strong wind made her hair shake.

Even so, Nakuru couldn't get up. She had lost all her will to fight. In the face of this overwhelming difference in strength, Nakuru couldn't get up to fight her complex.

“Or...will you retire here?”

Suddenly, Schrö-senpai threw these words at Nakuru. She clearly didn't expect this either, as she looked up at her older sister with a baffled ‘Eh?’.

“You gonna give up now? Honestly speaking, I'm pretty satisfied that you even stood against me, you know.”

“Satisfied...But, aren't you going to make Senpai your slave...”

“Nope, already decided against that. So, you can give up now. You can't win against me. Not to mention that the typhoon has gotten worse, so we should probably start to wrap up the sports festival.”

“.....”

“That’s why, just hurry and give up. Everybody here knows how strong I am, they know the difference in strength between us. Nobody will blame you.”

“.....!” Nakuru bit her lip.

Looking at the situation in front of me, even without being able to get up again, Nakuru did great. That’s why, nobody would feel any resentment if she retired now. However...

“...No.” Nakuru strongly rejected her older sister’s words. “If Nakuru doesn’t fight here, she might not have another chance. After all... you’ll be going abroad next year, right?”

Schrö-senpai’s expression froze up upon hearing those words.

“...What, you knew?”

“Yes. You were acting off as of late, so Nakuru snuck into your room. There, she saw your questionnaire about your plans for the future...”

“.....”

“But, why?”

“I don’t know. Just felt like seeing more of this world.”

“That sounds very much like you, Onee-chan...”

“Thanks for that praise. But, they are just my plans, you know? Nothing’s written in stone yet.”

“Even so, you won’t be coming home for a while if you really went, right?”

“...Well, yeah.” Schrö-senpai nodded with a complicated expression.

Maybe...that’s why she set up all of this today? Since she might be leaving soon, she wanted to clear up the problem between her and Nakuru.

“That’s why, this might be Nakuru’s only chance...to actually win against you.” She declared with no hesitation in her voice.

Following that, Nakuru stuffed her hand into the chest area of her swimsuit, and took out a small bottle...Hold on, where were you even hiding that? You some kangaroo?

“Nakuru could never stand her ground against Onee-chan. Because of that, you were worried about Nakuru, right? But, Nakuru avoided that until now.”

“.....”

However, seeing Senpai fight Kureha-chan, and even win...Nakuru made up her mind that she would do her best as well. Nakuru wants Onee-chan to leave overseas without having to worry, which is why...Nakuru will fight Onee-chan!”

In the midst of the storm, this was Narumi Nakuru’s declaration towards her older sister. Without using any polite language.

“...Gulp.” She opened up the bin in her hand, and gulped down its contents, letting out a sigh.

Her cheeks turned red, together with drowsy eyes, and her legs were wobbling around. It was the Undressing Drunken Fist. Whenever she takes in any kind of carbonated drink, Nakuru turns into a beast.

“...Huh, now things are finally interesting.” Schrö-senpai closed the distance between them in an instant.

It was another axe kick, now aiming directly at Nakuru for certain.

“Ain’t happening!” Nakuru jumped to the side, barely avoiding the attack at a hair’s width.

The floating island shook once again through the impact, as Nakuru wrapped around Schrö-senpai’s back.

“...!?”

Schrö-senpai was hit directly without any change of defending, and

staggered backwards. The swimsuit part that was hit had been torn to shreds. The Undressing Drunken Fist was as deadly as always.

“Hehe. Not bad, my little sister.”

“Yup. Nakuru isn’t losing, Onee-chan.”

The top rankers of Rouran Academy and its handicrafts club—Narumi Schrödinger and Narumi Nakuru, they both exchanged a few blows, as they smiled. The older sister smiled while witnessing her little sister’s growth, whereas the little sister smiled as she fought her own complex...

“—Go get her.” I subconsciously whispered.

I just felt like supporting her. It’s not like the immense difference in raw strength suddenly vanished. Even so, Nakuru tried her very best to escape from this complex plaguing her, and fought the person she had been losing to for years. It’s a Giant Killing². Someone weak is trying to defeat the strong, despite knowing how inferior they are. I really don’t dislike that. That’s why...

“You can do it, Nakuru!” I screamed in the middle of the storm.

My voice must have reached Nakuru, as she responded with a brief ‘Yes, Senpai!’, followed with a smile. Following that was a constant exchange of attacks. Schrö-senpai continued to relentlessly attack Nakuru with her physical abilities, whereas Nakuru herself continued to evade this.

From time to time, Nakuru fought back, but Schrö-senpai got used to her drunken fist, and dodged much more easily. At the same time, the wind and rain grew more and more intense. At one point, the two stopped moving. They were both gasping for air, as their shoulders went up and down. That makes sense, because moving like that would cost a lot of stamina. If I had to guess, the conclusion was close.

“Oraaaah!” With a voice filled with Schrö-senpai’s motivation, she sat foot forward, and started running towards Nakuru.

It was a tackle. She probably judged that Nakuru had no more

stamina to dodge. She most likely intends to finish it quickly.

“...Urk.”

As expected, Nakuru didn't move. However, she still readied her body to intercept Schrö-senpai's attack. Schrö-senpai clearly guessed this, and sped up even further. The second I judged she wouldn't be able to dodge—it happened.

“...!?”

Right before Schrö-senpai reached Nakuru, something happened to their foothold. I heard cracks even from the poolside. And then, the floating island split in two.

“Wha...”

The entire audience swallowed their breaths. It might have happened because of the two axe kicks that Schrö-senpai fired off.

“Kya!?”

Nakuru frantically secured her balance so that she wouldn't fall off. Thanks to her leg strength and prepared posture, she succeeded in doing so. However, the same couldn't be said about Schrö-senpai.

“Urk!?”

After losing her balance, her body tilted towards the water. Since she was in the middle of running, there was no way to get a proper foothold. Right as her body was about to fall into the water—

“Onee-chan!” Nakuru grabbed Schrö-senpai's arm, and pulled her up on the island.

However, Nakuru lost her own balance in the process, and fell into the pool. Naturally, according to the rules...

“This concludes the match. As Narumi Nakuru has fallen into the pool, the winner of the final round will be Narumi Schrödinger.” Suzutsuki announced as indifferent as always.

“...The heck.”

How am I supposed to accept this? It should have been Nakuru’s victory because Schrö-senpai was about to fall into the pool, so why did she...

“Nakuru, what is this about! This should have been your victory!”

It seems like Schrö-senpai couldn’t accept this result either, as she asked Nakuru who was swimming in the pool.

“U-Um...” Nakuru let out a bashful laugh. “Nakuru was worried that you might drown in the pool.”

“...What?” Schrö-senpai froze up in confusion.

Of course, the audience and myself included were showing a similar reaction. She says drown, but...the pool isn’t that deep. Only a middle school student would drown in...

“...Ah.”

I see, Schrö-senpai is not very tall to begin with. Maybe 140cm at most. That’s why Nakuru saved her?

“Y-You idiot! Like hell I’d drown, even if I’m this small!”

“You’re not wrong, but...You’re carrying that backpack right now with the weights inside of them. Nakuru wanted to win without shoving you into the water from the very beginning, but that wouldn’t work out too well.”

“I could have just taken that off!”

“...Ah, you’re right.”

Now that she fell into the water, or probably because the amount of carbohydrate wore off, Nakuru’s thinking was as clear as ever, as she let out a bashful laugh. They really looked like your average couple of sisters.

“.....Idiot.” Schrö-senpai shook her head in disbelief. “That fight

didn't count."

"Eh?"

"I can't accept this result."

"Then, wanna fight one more time?"

"Hmmm, we don't have the time for that. The rain did let up, but if we continue like this, it'll influence the events later on."

"Then, what should we do?"

"Huh? You really gotta ask that?" Schrö-senpai offered Nakuru a hand. "We'll redo this battle once I come back. Until then, get stronger, my little sister."

"...Okay, will do, Onee-chan." Nakuru nodded, and took Schrö-senpai's hand



.....Well, either way. I guess this is the conclusion of the battle, and a draw to boot. I figure some guys in the audience won't accept this, but I can see this as a success. After all, younger and older sister, Narumi Nakuru and Narumi Schrödinger have finally managed to close the distance between them.

“This kind of ending ain't half bad.”

In the midst of the weakening rain, I muttered with a voice nobody could hear.

1 Sister Princess

2 A soccer manga

Chapter 5: Closing Ceremony

Endroll

“To all students, great work today. The sports festival has concluded, and we will now begin the closing ceremony.”

The storm must have passed us by, because both rain and wind stopped, now a comfortable and cool breeze passing along the sports grounds. This was the final act of the sports festival. After the Aquatic Deathmatch ended, almost like they had planned it, the weather cleared up, and all the events in the afternoon were held as planned. Of course, the sports grounds were a mess as a result, but it allowed for some exciting events, so nobody really complained.

According to what I heard, this typhoon was actually fairly strong, with a few damages from the pouring rain and wind. It even threw over a telephone pole, which created a power outage and large fire somewhere. Even so, the storm passed. Now this closing ceremony brought an end to this messy sports festival.

“Then, a few final words from the president of the sports festival execution committee.”

After they announced the results of the events, it was time for Schrö-senpai's words, introduced by Suzutsuki's announcement.

“...Ahh, it's finally over.” I sighed to myself, as I felt the strength escape my shoulders.

...It's been long. First Schrö-senpai started a fight with me, which forced me to participate in the three-legged race with Konoe, and then followed the chaotic Aquatic Deathmatch. I didn't even have time to take a breath.

“Are you that happy that the sports festival is over, Jirou?” Konoe must have heard my muttering, as she turned towards me.

Right now, we were lining up on the sports grounds, and Konoe

coincidentally stood close to me because of our names.

“I mean, it was a lot of pain and suffering.”

“Really? I had a lot of fun.”

“You kidding me.”

“Of course not. I don’t think I’ll ever forget this sports festival. Especially with Nakuru-chan’s incident.” Subaru-sama spoke with an oddly satisfied tone.

Well yeah, I don’t think I can forget everything that happened even if I wanted to. It turned into a trauma in a lot of ways.

“.....”

But, I get where she’s coming from. It definitely wasn’t boring at any moment. It was more than just a bit of trouble, but looking back on it, I don’t regret anything. These kinds of days don’t hurt once in a while, right. Though, everyday would be too much.

“Everyone, good work today. It was an enjoyable sports festival, wasn’t it. I wanna do this every single day.”

However, Schrö-senpai practically denied what I was thinking. That’s Schrödinger-san for you, she really is honest to her own desires. Even the students around me were giving wry smiles. But, that’s maybe why she’s got so many followers. She might seem childish, but she’s equally honest and straightforward. That’s why you can’t hate her. Makes sense, since she brought together everybody for the sports festival.

“Now then, this concludes the sports festival of this year...or so I’d like to say, but would you mind listening to a bit of a selfish request of mine?”

“...”

Don’t give me that. Are you still not satisfied? Also with all the events we did, what else is there to do...

“Hey, Nakuru! Come on out!” She called out to a single individual in the crowd.

As if to respond to this, Nakuru went up on the stage. With these two lined up, they really do not feel like sisters at all. Especially in terms of their proportions. How did they end up in such a different way despite being raised in the same household?

“O-Onee-chan...”

“Come on, I gave you the chance, so do it.”

“O-Okay...” Nakuru received the microphone from Schrö-senpai, and took a deep breath.

And, with her glasses taken off—

“Nakuru likes you, Senpai.”

Immediately after she uttered these words, I felt the atmosphere around me freeze up. A bombshell, that’s probably the best term to explain these words. All students and teachers alike stared at Nakuru in disbelief. Only Schrödinger-san took this fairly lightly, as she grinned behind the embarrassed Nakuru.

.....Hold on, time out. Was that...a confession? And...Senpai? Does she mean...

“Ah, Nakuru, I don’t think it’ll reach him if you just call him Senpai.”

“Eh? R-Really?”

“I betcha. That’s why, say it again.”

“...Okay, Onee-chan.” Nakuru nodded, and took another breath.

She was loading another bullet, I could feel it.

“Nakuru loves the second-year Sakamachi-senpai! That’s why, won’t you please go out with her!”

Only Nakuru’s voice echoed in the air. Absolute silence reigned.

However, slowly but steadily more excited voices rang up, belonging to the girls, whereas the boys were cursing me....Hey hey hey. What kind of romance manga situation nonsense is this?

“J-Jirou!? What is this about!” I heard a panicking alto voice near me.

Looking over, Konoe grabbed the collar of my shirt, shaking me. I mean, I don’t know myself...

“Sheesh, you really went and said it, Nakuru. So tell me, what got you interested in him?”

“Umm...When he called Nakuru cute.” Nakuru said, and blushed.

Stop, please don’t start this nonsensical girls talk. Also, I called you cute...I mean, the gap between you with and without your glasses on indeed is cute, but...

“Um, Senpai...Nakuru would be happy to receive your answer...”

Eeeek, she’s ignoring what I’m feeling, and is trying to move the story forward. It must have been because of Schrö-senpai’s orders, but a member of the execution committee brought a microphone to me. You’re kidding, right? You’re telling me to give a response right now?

“...Jirou, what will you do? Are you going to accept Nakuru-chan’s confession?”

This time, Konoe’s voice was filled with anxiety and uncertainty. Why are you looking at me like that!? I mean, I guess it must be a shock that your best friend was just confessed to, but still...

“Senpai, please...” Nakuru’s voice was filled with anticipation but also worry.

Judging from that, she must be plenty serious about this. With my gynophobia and all, I was never confessed to, but I can tell that she’s not joking about this. Nakuru actually likes me, huh.

“.....”

Silence filled the sports grounds again. Apparently everybody was waiting for me to speak, huh. I however had already made up my mind, and tightly grasped the mic. In order to answer her feelings, I slowly opened my mouth, and—

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“I’m sorry.”

“So nonchalant!!” Hearing my response, Nakuru froze up on stage.

...I mean, yeah. You know, thinking about it rationally, what this glasses junkie’s been saying had been off from the very start.

“Aren’t you the president of the ‘Watch over Committee’?”

“Yes, what about that?”

“You seriously...I mean, you would want to see me and Konoe indulging in some sweet BL, right?”

If so, then confessing to me like this would go against her own goal. If we started dating, it would ruin all the BL material of hers.

“No need to worry, Nakuru loves both Senpai and Subaru-sama.”

“...Huh?”

“By the way, Nakuru still wishes for you and Subaru-sama to end up in a BL relationship.”

“Huuuuuh!?”

All the braincells in my head crashed like a computer running into an error. Eh? How does that even work? So what exactly does she want to be?

“That’s why, Nakuru wants to become Senpai’s mistress.”

“Mistress!?”

“That’s right. Senpai surely has enough love to offer for both of your hands, so if you keep Subaru-sama as your lover, and Nakuru as your

mistress, there won't be any problem!"

"Why are you evaluating me with such high specs!?"

Also, mistress!? Are you really fine with that kind of position!?

"Hold on a second, why do you want to become my mistress in the first place?"

"Eh? Because Nakuru likes Senpai of course."

"Like..."

"Put frankly, she loves you." She must have felt embarrassed at saying these words herself, because she started blushing.

Of course, this kind of gap to her usual glasses junkie attitude was indeed cute, but...I don't get it. To think she would want to go out with me simply because I called her cute.

"Ah, but, Nakuru doesn't simply want to date Senpai because you called her cute or anything."

"???" I froze up once again.

Nakuru continued calmly.

"After all, if Nakuru can get to date Senpai...she can observe you more and more."

"Observe!?"

"Yes. Watching Senpai's daily life is like reading a novel, it's intriguing. Then, if Nakuru were your mistress, she could always stay with you."

"Scary! You're actually twisted!"

"N-Nakuru isn't twisted at all. Her heart is very pure."

"Pure?"

"Nakuru wants to make even more doujins with Senpai and Subaru-

sama. The closer Nakuru is to Senpai, the better.”

“So in the end, it’s all about BL!”

“Not to mention that Senpai wears glasses.”

“Don’t treat my entire existence like I’m only good for material and glasses!”

“Hmm, Nakuru does love Senpai. If she were to give an example, if you and your glasses fell down a cliff, and Nakuru could only save one side, then Nakuru would hesitate, and eventually save Senpai.”

“Don’t even hesitate! Save me first!”

“Ehh?”

“Why are you so dissatisfied now!?”

This is the first time I was ever confessed to, and it’s this messed up. My youth...it’s been tainted with something so grotesque. Where’s the sweetness?

“Huh? Senpai, do you actually hate the idea of dating Nakuru that much?”

“Of course. I don’t plan on dating you just so you get an endless supply of BL material.”

“Gaaaah!”

“Don’t ‘Gaaah!’ me.”

“Urk...you’re so cruel. Nakuru thought that by dating Senpai, she would get to see lots more of your ecology...”

“Don’t say ecology!”

What am I, some endangered species, now being put under preservation!? Impossible. There’s no choice for me to actually date this glasses junkie. It’s not normal for her to have romantic feelings for me. Damn it, somebody help me...!

“Hey, Schrö-senpai, can’t you say something to her as an older sister?”

“Eh? Me?”

I sent her an SOS signal, to which Schrö-senpai crossed her arms, and started thinking...Please, you finally managed to get along, so be a mature older sister, and warn your younger sister.

“Do your best and build a happy family.”

“Seriously!?”

“I mean, it’s a great thing when your family grows!”

“Don’t say that with such a refreshed face!”

“I’ve always wanted a male sibling. They often fight, right? I’ve admired the bounds they built through their fists.”

Please, just stop. Are you aiming to make me your sparring partner? You have to be joking. Am I just doomed to be turned into a punching bag no matter where I go?

“That’s why, just go out with my little sis, Onii-chan.”

“Don’t wanna, I’m not interested in your family and...”

...Wait a second. Onii-chan? Why is she suddenly calling me that way?

“Why are you so surprised about this? I promised it before the sports festival, right? If I lose, I’ll call you Onii-chan, and act like your little sister.”

“You might have said that, but...”

“That’s way, from now on, you’ll always be my Onii-chan.”

“Always!?”

“Good for you, getting a little sister that’s older than you. Not to mention that my little sister might become your mistress, so we need

to get along.”

“.....” I feel dizzy.

She’s older than me, but will become my little sister...Surprisingly enough, Schrö-senpai actually looks like a little sister on the outside, but I don’t want that kind of violent younger sister. I already have Kureha.

“That being the case, please treat me well, Onii-chan.”

“Nooooo! Don’t call me Onii-chan!”

“Onii-chan~”

“Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaah!?”

I don’t want this kind of development. The guys around me were emitting killing intent, saying stuff like ‘That guy made our Schrödinger-san his little sister...!’, leaving me terrified. At the same time, the girls kept on cheering on and on. They probably are treating this like some springtime drama. I really wish they would help me instead. Even the guys from the ‘Watch over Committee’ weren’t shocked at Nakuru’s confession either. I guess that makes sense. Nakuru was planning to use this for more BL material, so they must be delighted at the chance that they could get more stuff to read. On top of that, she’d be my mistress and not my lover.

“...Senpai.”

There, as we were surrounded by chaos, Nakuru looked at me with a serious gaze.

“Nakuru won’t give up.”

“Huh?”

“Nakuru won’t give up this easily. Until Nakuru becomes your mistress, she’ll continue to attack you.”

“A-Attack...”

“That’s why, let her confess one more time. Nakuru loves you, Senpai.” She spoke with a sparkling gaze, showing a cute gesture like a maiden in love.

Seeing this, the students around were whistling at us in excitement.

“

Please, just let me go.



“Now then, this concludes this year’s Rouran Academy sports festival.” Suzutsuki announced over the speakers.

Because the storm had passed, the sky was clear blue, and yet it seemed like my daily life would only be surrounded by even more chaos from now on.

Chapter 6: Disaster At the Sakamachi Household

Clear weather after the typhoon.

Just as these words proclaimed, now that the storm had passed us, the weather had recovered. Thanks to that, cleaning up after the sports festival ended went fairly smoothly, and we students were allowed to head home earlier than previously anticipated.

“Good for you, Jirou-kun. It seems like Nakuru-chan really has a thing for you.”

“Shut up, Suzutsuki.”

As I was on my way home, trying to process everything that had happened, Suzutsuki called out to me with an awfully joyful tone. She must be having fun, alright. After all, she likes teasing others. That incident just now was greatly to her liking.

“...Jirou, do you really not plan on going out with Nakuru-chan?”

“Konoe, please don’t say such terrifying stuff. Do you really think I would go out with that glasses junkie?”

“But, Nakuru-chan has such big breasts...”

“Why is that important?”

I wouldn’t fall in love with someone simply because of the size of their breasts. You know, if I were to date her for real, she would observe me 24/7, not to mention right next to me. It would be tiring me out beyond belief. What do you mean by ‘Senpai’s life is as interesting as a novel~’, huh?

“But, even the club vice president called you ‘Onii-chan~’, right? Aren’t you happy about that? You’re a siskon after all.”

“Don’t just label me as a siscon.”

“You did something lewd to your little sister at the pool, right?”

“Those were false accusations.”

“You made a crazy face back then. Were you that excited by your little sister?”

“That’s because I was letting out all my frustration built up over the years!”

Masamune looked up at me with a dubious expression, while pushing along her beloved bike. Today, the four of us were walking home together. Originally, I wanted to head home alone. To go through my thoughts and all that. I wanted to leave before getting questioned by everybody, but right as I passed through the gate, Konoe and Suzutsuki caught me. Not to mention that Masamune also spotted me while searching for me.

“Still, the weather turned quite comfortable, hasn’t it.” Suzutsuki muttered as she gazed up at the clear blue sky. “Even though it had been storming so much not too long ago, the typhoon has fully passed us.”

“Apparently it was a pretty strong one even.”

Even looking around on the way home, I could see the traces of the storm. Polyethylene buckets fell over, creating large puddles of water. Even some power outages here and there.

“Hey, Suzutsuki Kanade, let me ask one thing.” While pushing her bike, Masamune asked Suzutsuki.

“Did you...do something so that the sports festival wouldn’t get cancelled?”

“...Fufu, who knows?” The young lady showed a vague smile.

I see how it is. That explains why the sports festival didn’t get cancelled despite the heavy downpour. Even if Schrö-senpai pushed it as the committee president, it wouldn’t be weird for the school to put

an end to it. However, that didn't happen. Must have been Suzutsuki's doing on the sidelines. After all, she's the single daughter of the board chairman at our school.

As her motivation, she probably didn't want this enjoyable event known as the school festival to stop this quickly...huh.

"No need to worry about that. The school festival ended safely and with joy, right? Nobody was hurt either." Suzutsuki showed a satisfied smile.

Well, she's not wrong, I guess. The sports festival ended how everybody wished for, and I bet that holding a festival in the middle of a storm will surely turn into some great memories for the students...I personally won't be able to forget it for a different reason though.

"...That reminds me, Jirou-kun." Suzutsuki spoke with a light tone, actively changing the atmosphere. "Why did you reject Nakuru-chan's confession?"

"I already told you, didn't I? She's just trying to use me as material for her doujinshi."

She might also hold emotions that go beyond that, but after hearing her out, her desire for doujinshi stuff is definitely greater.

"Nakuru-chan is really cute tho, right? And she's got great looks."

"So?"

"So...Didn't you at least consider trying it out? Because of your gynophobia, you never got to really date a girl, right? You should at least be interested in this sort of thing."

"....." Hearing Suzutsuki's words, I grew silent for a moment.

She's not exactly wrong. Leaving aside what's inside, Nakuru's pretty cute, so there was plenty of reason to start dating her. However...

"Not happening. She doesn't know about my gynophobia. And not to mention..."

“Not to mention?”

“You know...I don’t think I can even date a girl until I fix my gynophobia. Think about it, when going on a date, we can’t even properly hold hands.”

“...Hmm, so basically, you have no interest in going out with a girl until your gynophobia is fixed.”

“Something like that. This awful disposition of mine just takes top priority.”

Experiencing true love is just impossible like this, don’t you think? When I gave Suzutsuki my honest opinion, she commented ‘Thank you for the valuable information’. Urk, what’s that face for? Are you also planning on closely inspecting me like some wild animal? Not to mention that both Konoe and Masamune also gave me a curious look. Urk, just stop already. Don’t treat me like a panda in a zoo. I’m not an endangered species.

“...Jeez.”

I feel so exhausted today. Of course, that’s to be expected with the sports festival today, but my exhaustion is even bigger than after any festival before. With the three-legged race, and the aquatic deathmatch, the whole confession thing, it was a bit too much. I’m sure I’m running on low HP right about now. What’s terrifying me the most is that the second term barely started.

I really feel like that glasses junkie will definitely be on the attack from now on, and Schrö-senpai surely won’t leave me alone either. Honestly speaking, there’s way too much trouble going on in my current student life. That’s why, I just want to go home and sleep. I bet that these guys must be tired from the sports festival as well, so I doubt anything troublesome will happen from now on. I’ll use the rest of my time today to get some good sleep.

Kureha might also be home by now, but I doubt she’ll force me through some wrestling training. She went all out during the sports festival after all. So, go home, go to bed. That’s my plan for today, which is why my legs automatically sped up.

“...Nii-san.”

After another five minutes of walking, right when we reached my house, I heard a voice devoid of any energy.

“Kureha?”

The source of that voice was my little sister, who had returned home before me. But, something was off. Why is she walking towards us? If she just waited at our home, I'd be getting there soon enough.

“Nii-san...”

“Y-Yeah, what's up?”

Her voice sounded oddly down, making me realize that this might be the first time I've seen her like this.

“Listen, Nii-san. While we were out at the sports festival, something terrible happened.”

“...Something terrible?”

Because of Kureha's odd serious tone, I tensed up myself. What is she talking about...Did Mom come back? That would be horrifying. I need to get a passport ready so I can flee overseas quickly. I think South America would be a great place to hide. Mom wouldn't chase me across the planet after all.

“So...Nii-san...”

However, my little sister's response blew away any expectations I had. According to Kureha, a lightning strike hit the area around here. I heard about that at school already, so it's not anything too shocking. However, the area this lightning strike hit turned out to be here in the neighbourhood of our home, and...

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“...The hell.”

The moment I saw that scenery, I was at a loss for words. Everything

was burnt down. The area was surrounded by firetrucks and police cars, trying to push back the onlookers. From the people around us, I heard that a power pole was struck directly by lightning. What made things troublesome is that this power pole couldn't handle the sudden influx of energy, and burst up into flames. This fire jumped over to the nearby houses, and started burning up.

Even beneath the strong downpour of the typhoon, the fires weren't put out, and the strong wind instead helped to spread the fire even further. As a result, almost half of the entire residential area here burned down. Worse of all, the part that burned down contained the Sakamachi Household...

"According to the firefighter, the entrance, kitchen, garage, and Mom's room are completely gone. It seems like mine and Nii-san's room were safe, but..."

Kureha stood in front of the pile of charcoal, and spoke with a tone like she still couldn't believe it. I can't blame her. Even she, a little monster, is a girl, so such an incident must be tough on her. Not like I'm much better off.

"Guess we have to contact Mom now."

However, that is quite complicated. She only sends us letters from time to time, so it's hard to figure out where she even is. She also would periodically call us, but we'd have to wait for that. The biggest problem however...

"...Nii-san."

"Yes, my little sister."

"Um...I really don't want to say this, but...where are we supposed to stay now?"

"....."

She's right. Although it's half burned down, we definitely can't live there. On top of that, the allowances and money for living expenses that Mom sends us really don't allow us to just suddenly move elsewhere. On top of that, the closest relatives are living...outside the

prefecture, so asking them for help is close to impossible.

“...Jirou.” Next to me, Konoe showed an anxious expression.

Even Masamune had stayed quiet with a complicated face.

“...This sure is bad, yeah.”

I couldn't give any productive comments either. This is almost like Nakuru said, my life is a chaotic novel. However, there was no time to worry, I first needed to secure a place to survive until tomorrow.

“It's fine, Jirou-kun.”

There, I heard a dignified voice, coming from none other than Suzutsuki Kanade. Even as she looked at this horrendous scene, she smiled almost like she was trying to reassure us.

“You can just stay at our house.”

“...Huh?” I doubted my ears when I heard those words.

What exactly does she mean by that?

“It's simple. You and Kureha-chan will be staying over at my residence until your problems have resolved.”

“...!? R-Really!?”

“Of course. Even I wouldn't joke about this.”

“Eh...Young lady...?”

“That's right, it's exactly what you think, Subaru. Jirou-kun will be living with us for a while. At least, until they find another place to stay.” Suzutsuki showed a kind smile.

“.....”

...Huh, maybe I treated you too harshly. What do you mean ‘The Deretsuki-san you knew has died’, huh? You actually saved us now.

“...Sorry, Suzutsuki, I'm in your debt.” I gave her my honest

gratitude.

Offering us a place to stay is something I have endless gratitude for. If we have more time, I can find a way to contact Mom, and that should resolve this whole problem. We might even be able to eventually move back to this house. Ahh, many thanks, young lady. This time, I really can't complain. After all, being able to stay at her residence for free...

"However, I have a condition." There, Suzutsuki's tone suddenly changed. "I'm sorry, Jirou-kun, but I really can't let you stay for free."

"Eh?"

"The thing is, we're already having another girl in a similar situation to you staying over, so we can't let you get off for free, as that wouldn't be fair."

"W-Why?"

"Because she is working as a servant."

"!?"

"As for what I'm trying to say, if you want to stay over at my residence, you will be forced to work as well."

"Work...!?"

"In other words, as our servants. Kureha-chan will be a maid starting today."

"I-I will be a maid at Onee-sama's residence...?"

Even Kureha was shocked. I understand what she's feeling, I would react in a similar way. However, we probably don't have any other choice. If we want to survive the night and stay over at her residence.

"...Alright, Suzutsuki. So, what do I have to do?"

With a servant, I can't really imagine what that job entails. It's

probably something to do at her residence, but...

“Thank you, Jirou-kun. Then...” Suzutsuki showed an angelic smile.
“Maybe I should make you my dog.”

“.....”

.....I misheard, right? There’s no way this wench just said what I think she did.

“Can’t be helped, you know? Since my family has some strict rules, I can’t have any other man but Subaru as my butler. At the same time, I don’t believe you have the skill for any other work needing attention. So, you’ll be taking care of the odd jobs.”

“O-Odd jobs...?”

“Indeed. You will listen to whichever order I may give you, like a dog ordered by their owner. Of course, since both mother and father are out right now, your owner—will be me.” Suzutsuki’s face distorted into a wicked smile.

And then, she used her beautiful long index finger to point at me.

“Jirou-kun, I will have you become my dog.”

“.....”

Yamitsuki-san really is no joke. While internally cursing myself of getting myself into this situation to a certain degree, I could only feel anxiety towards this new leaf about to be turned. If my life really was like a novel, then the very next sentence probably would have been something like this.

—A new development awaits.



Afterword

It's been a while! It's already been a year since I debuted, my name's Asano Hajime. It had started to get cold the other day, so I wanted to bring out my down jacket, but I couldn't find it. Confused, I remembered that the cleaning shop I had entrusted it to lost it (Flashback to the volume 2 afterword). It's been about a year since then. Time sure flies...isn't something I can fully say, because my life has never been as packed as during this past year. In the context of events, of course.

And now, it's the release of [Mayo Chiki!] volume 6. It's the start of the 2nd school-term arc! This volume acted as the sports festival part, with a new character, Schrö-senpai, being introduced, so I'd be happy if the people, uncertain if they want to buy it or not, would just slam this volume on the cash register! Now then, since I don't have that much space left, let me move to my thanks.

First, my editor Shouji-sama. You really surprised me when you called me one day, saying 'What are you doing today? Writing on the manuscript all day? Hmm, weird, I was told they just saw you in XX at YY bookstore, though?'. The editor network truly is a terrifying thing. Please treat me well from now on as well.

Next, thank you for always drawing the characters in such a wonderful way, Kikuchi Seiji-sama. Even Schrö-senpai is too cute for me to handle! Thank you very much for offering your help when you're this busy!

To the editor-in-chief, everyone from the editorial department, the proofreader, the designer, everybody involved in printing and publishing, the authors that helped me run away from reality with alcohol, NEET-sensei who is responsible for the comicalization, everybody who is helping with the anime adaptation, and of course all my readers, thank you very much. It was thanks to all of you that [Mayo Chiki!] managed to continue over this past year, so I hope for your continued support in the future as well.

Now then, this brings us to the preview corner. The 7th volume will be told at the Suzutsuki residence. Will we finally get to see Subaru in her true environment as a butler!? We will even have a guest character from [Mayo Mayo] appear, so the romcom development will be going full steam ahead.

Now then, as I pray that we get to hear each other again, I'll be stepping on the gas once again with no brakes in mind, so please take care of them.

Asano Hajime

Credits

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